Vol. XCVII.—No. 1264] MARCH 7, 1928 [as a Newspaper

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The BYSTANDER

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Teeth may shine like tinted pearls STILL . . .

Too often, teeth seem so safe because they gleam in their natural whiteness. Then, suddenly, Pyorrhœa attacks the unwary.

As a result of neglect, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, pay the penalty of Pyorrhœa.

For safety's sake, protect your gums and your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day. Used regularly and in time, Forhan's For the Gums keeps gums sound and healthy, and so safeguards your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhœa.

Don't wait for danger signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, or for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Use Forhan's For the Gums regularly, morning and night. At all chemists.

Make this **10** *Day Test*

Here's something worth knowing. Gums need the same stimulating massaging that keeps a woman's face youthful and free from the wrinkles of age. Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. Forhan's For the Gums is designed to keep gums firm and sound. So make this test: Before brushing teeth with Forhan's For the Gums, exercise your gums, following closely the directions in the leaflet that comes with each tube. Do this for **10** days. . . . See how much better your gums look and feel!

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FOR THE GUMS

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"May I see what you have been using for it?"
"Certainly, here's the bottle."
"But I prescribed Glyco-Thymoline — this isn't Glyco-Thymoline!
"However, we'll soon have you alright again! Just make sure this time that you really do get Glyco-Thymoline. You see, a similar preparation may sound like Glyco-Thymoline and look like Glyco-Thymoline, but it cannot, at the price, do what Glyco-Thymoline does — give you immediate relief from catarrh.
'Actually you'll find Glyco-Thymoline cheaper in the long run because each drop is so much more effective."

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HISTORICAL INCIDENTS.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

The Crimean War . . . 25th October, 1854 . . . The battle of Balaclava . . . The order was given for the Light Brigade, six hundred men, to charge the Russian Artillery. The task was impossible of success, to charge meant certain death; but the six hundred, as one man, advanced into the jaws of the Russian guns. The order to charge had been a mistake. The Charge was magnificent, but it availed nothing. It should never have been made.

To provide for your dependants and for your own future shows proper feeling, and may mean considerable sacrifice. But if the manner of making provision is wrong—if, for example, an investment proves unfortunate—your sacrifice will be just as profitless as that of the Light Brigade. You make no mistake, however, if you provide by means of an *Endowment Assurance Policy* With Profits in

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The BYSTANDER

Specially drawn for the "The Bystander" by H. H. Harris

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 1 — J. H. TAYLOR

J. H. Taylor, Master of the Mashie, has a quaint little habit of lifting his left leg before taking up his stance in playing through the green

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

A Diplomat's Daughter

Lafayette

MISS HARRIET ANNE TYRRELL

The only daughter of Sir William Tyrrell, Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. Sir William Tyrrell has been appointed British Ambassador in Paris on the retirement of the Marquess of Crewe

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

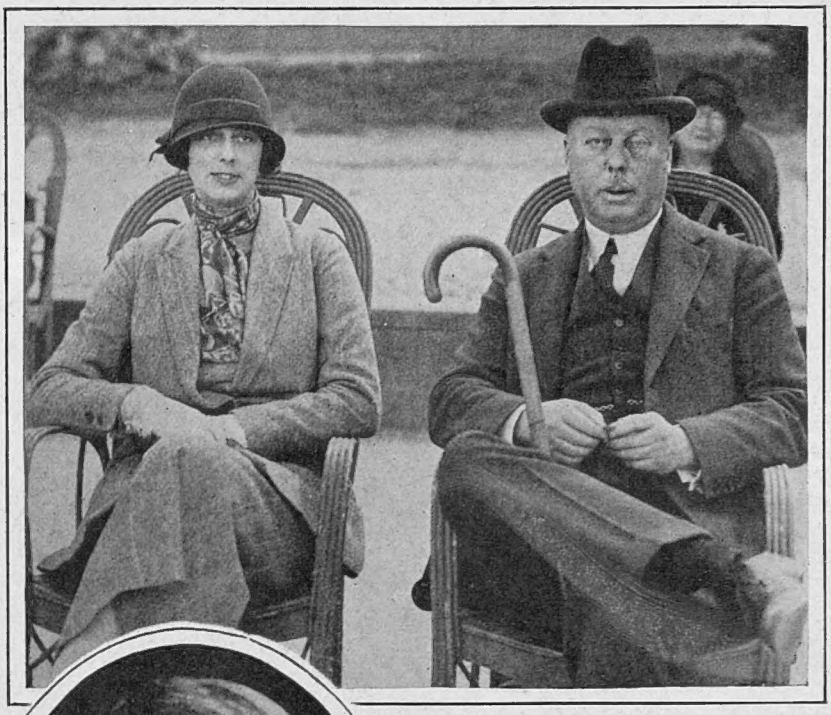
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

State Visits

WE who see foreign sovereigns arriving in London upon a State visit to the King and Queen, their arrival at Victoria, and their progress with a clattering escort to Buckingham Palace, have no idea of the multiplicity of details which have to be arranged before such a visit.

This is what happens. When the visit is decided upon the King instructs the Lord Chamberlain to make a draft programme of engagements for the three days, beyond which no State visit ever extends. When the King has approved of the Lord Chamberlain's draft it is sent to the Ambassador, or Minister, in London of the visiting sovereign, and he submits it to his royal master. Changes in the draft are very rarely suggested by the visitor, but if they are every effort is made to meet them.

Immediately the formal agreement to the programme is received the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Master of the Horse, the Admiralty, the War Office, the Lord Mayor, Scotland Yard, and railway companies have to be consulted. This consultation takes the form of a meeting under the chairmanship of the Lord Chamberlain at St. James's Palace, at which all those I have mentioned are either present or represented. This meeting draws up a detailed programme with a time-table for the visit, which is submitted to the King and the Ambassador or Minister of the coming royal guest. When this programme has been approved by the King another meeting is held, at which every detail of the visit is worked out. The escort of ships from the Navy; the special train from the port of landing to London; the guards of honour; the escort of Guards from the station to the Palace, and again on the visit to the City—every head of State visiting the King lunches with the Lord Mayor—and the all-important police arrangements. The programme of the three days' visit is worked out to the *n*th, and every engagement is timed to the minute. All this is settled before the royal visitor arrives. So every hour of the King and Queen of Afghanistan's visit to Buckingham Palace has been mapped out, following their approval.



Alfieri

A CHANGE OF EMBASSIES

Sir Horace Rumbold, formerly British Ambassador at Madrid, photographed with his daughter, Miss Constantia Rumbold. Sir Horace's appointment as British Ambassador at Berlin has occasioned lively satisfaction in the German capital

Central News

"EVANS OF THE BROKE"

Rear-Admiral E R. G. R. Evans, R.N., whose promotion to flag rank was gazetted recently. The engagement in the Channel on the night of April 20, 1917, when the "Broke," of which he was in command, in company with the "Swift," beat off six enemy destroyers and sank two of them, was one of the most brilliant exploits in the war

Royal Luggage

STATE visits entail a prodigious amount of luggage both for the royal visitors and their suites, but here a plan originated by Mr. Percy Armytage simplifies everything, even with the large suite which is in attendance on the King and Queen of Afghanistan. It is the protocol that all the members of the suite of a visiting royalty should leave cards on the suites of all the members of our Royal Family immediately after their arrival. This must be done in mufti. As they arrive at Victoria in uniform a quick change is necessary.

Mr. Percy Armytage solved a difficulty which in former times made many a foreign gentleman-in-waiting dance with rage whilst, arrayed in gorgeous uniform, he waited for the boxes containing his plain clothes. Buckingham Palace cannot house all the members of the suite of visiting sovereigns, so some go to the Embassy or Legation of the sovereign, and others to some hotel close to the Palace. In parentheses, let me say here that members of the suite of a visiting foreign royalty staying in an hotel are entertained as if they were staying at the Palace. Royal footmen are in attendance, royal notepaper is provided, and royal carriages are at their disposition whenever they want them.

Mr. Armytage's plan, which has worked successfully for years, is this: White, blue and red luggage labels are sent to some responsible person in the *entourage* of the visiting

sovereign before he leaves his capital—or, as in the case of the King of Afghanistan, before he leaves his last place of sojourn. The white label indicates luggage for Buckingham Palace; the blue label luggage for the Embassy or Ministry; the red label luggage for the hotel. When the luggage arrives at Calais it is sorted according to the labels. On arrival at Dover it is put into three separate vans—one with white labels, one with red, and the third with blue.

Whilst the visiting sovereigns are being received by the King and Queen, the suites being presented, and the guard of honour being inspected, the three vans are being unloaded into royal *fourgons,* and when the owners of trunks and boxes arrive at Buckingham Palace, their Embassy or Ministry, or at the hotel, they find their luggage has preceded them. The colour of the label has spared them all paroxysms of anxiety about plain clothes for the setting forth to leave cards on those in attendance on our own Royal Family.

Topical

AT TAY-SIDE

A group taken on a day's salmon fishing on the Tay. Sir Robert Moncreiffe and Lord Dudley are seen here, while boatman McPherson is holding Sir Robert's fourteen pound salmon

Photopress

A YOUNG CHAMPION

Miss Olive Ricks, the famous young horsewoman, photographed taking a jump at her father's residence at Addlestone, Surrey. She has won over 130 prizes

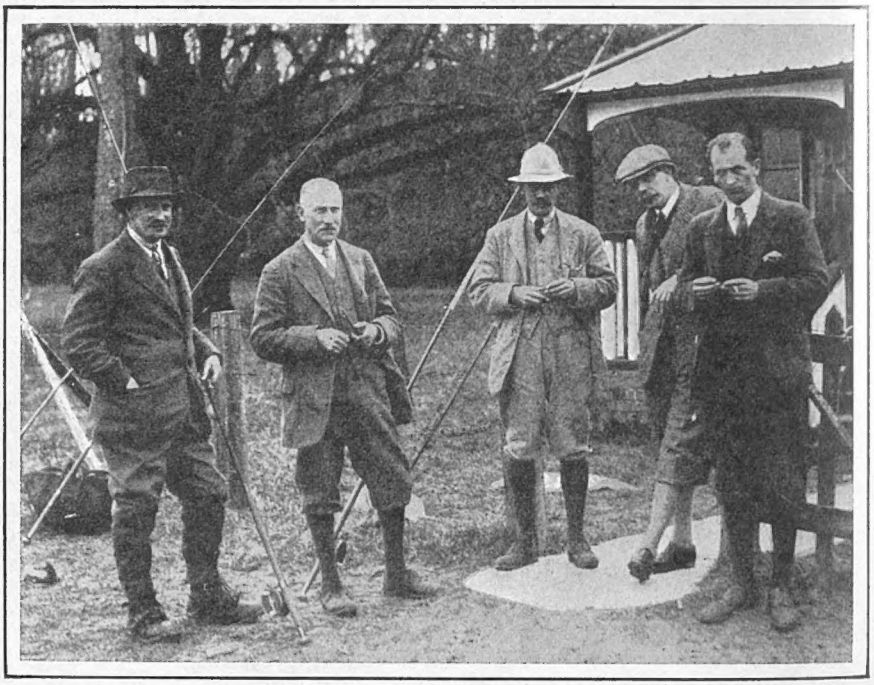
A Very Great Lady

An old lady, who in her time was a considerable figure in the world, was saying to your Bystander only a few days before the death of the Countess of Bective was announced, that three of the stateliest women she had ever known were Queen Mary, the late Marchioness of Londonderry, and the Countess of Bective.

With Lady Bective surpassing beauty was added to a gracious stateliness, and as Lady Alice Hill and long after her marriage to the Earl of Bective, step-brother of the present Marquess of Headfort, she was considered one of the most beautiful women in England. To the last, with her masses of snow-white hair and her finely chiselled features, she was still beautiful, and still a most stately and gracious figure. Few women have attracted so many friendships.

As somebody once said of her—"Her mind is as beautiful as her face."

There was only a daughter of the marriage, Lady Olivia Taylour, who married Lord Henry Bentinck, the stepbrother of the Duke of Portland. Lord Bective died a year before his father, Lady Henry inheriting Underley Hall, in Westmorland, and the large fortune which had come to Lord Bective from his mother. Lady Bective and daughter were the most devoted friends, and after Lady Henry Bentinck succeeded to Underley Lady Bective settled at Lunefield, near by. Both



O'Brien

FISHING IN IRELAND

A group taken at the lunch interval at a day's fishing on the banks of the Black Water near Fermoy, Co. Cork. Lord Lewisham (left), Major Clowes, Lord Lansdowne, Col. Leatham, and Capt. Cobbold

Poole

WITH THE CARLOW

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Carlow at Kellistown, Carlow, the residence of Mrs. Hall, M.F.H., who has been showing excellent sport lately. The group includes Major A. Kavanagh (Hon. Sec.), Mrs. Hall, M.F.H., Mr. J. Alexander, Mr. K. Alexander, Mrs. A. Kavanagh, Mr. W. E. Grogan, of Moyle (Huntsman), Miss Eustace Duckett, Mr. C. Hall-Dare, Mrs. Eustace Duckett, Mrs. John Alexander, Mr. O. H. Eustace Duckett, Mr. G. Fenton, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. G. Taylor, Mrs. McDonald, and Miss Sophia Denys-Burton

Poole

A LADY MASTER

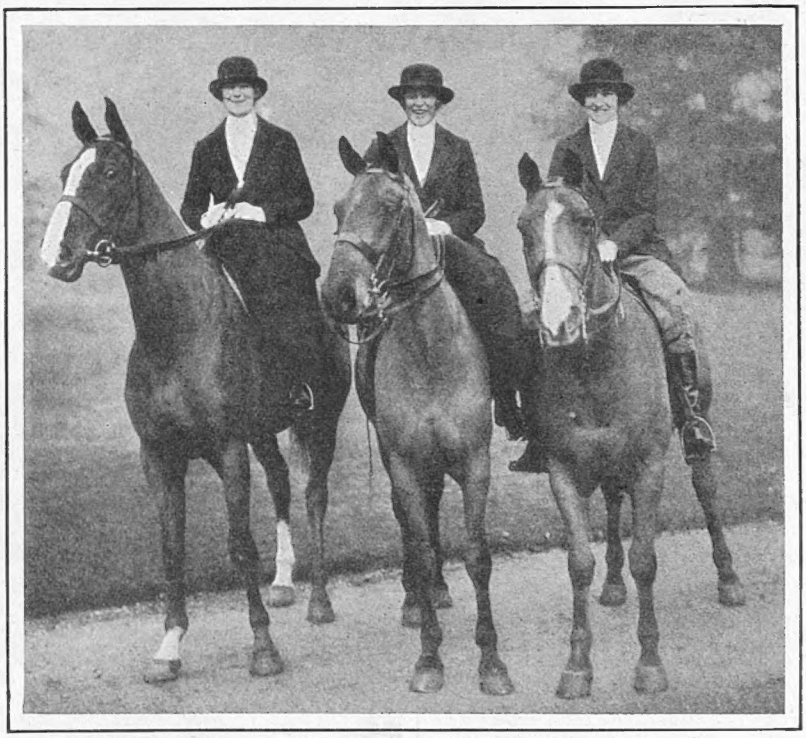
Miss Dorothy Musgrave and Mr. Anthony Anson photographed at a recent meet of the West Waterford. Miss Musgrave, who is a daughter of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Tourin, took over the Mastership of the pack from Mr. Ion Villiers Stuart this season

there and at her house in Eaton Place she was surrounded by devoted friends whose cares and interests she made her own. There was nobody like Lady Bective, always so kind, so understanding. Her passing leaves a gap that no one else can fill.

Youthful Candidates

THE Duke of Hamilton's heir, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, who is known as the "Boxing Marquess" because of his prowess in the amateur boxing ring, is turning his attention to politics, and will be the Unionist candidate for Govan at the next election. At the same time his great friend, Lord Dunglass, who is a few months his junior, will contest the Coatbridge Division of Lanarkshire in the same interest. Lord Douglas and Clydesdale had his twenty-fifth birthday last month.

Lord Dunglass is the eldest of the Earl of Home's five sons. His maternal grandfather, the Hon. Frederick Lambton, is the Earl of Durham's twin brother and heir.



Brit. Illus.

A BRIGHT OUTLOOK

Lady Carden and her two nieces, Miss E. Rennie and Miss Peggy Puxley, hold an optimistic view of the prospects for the day's sport. They were photographed at a recent meet of the Craven at Woolley Park, Great Shefford

Brit. Illus.

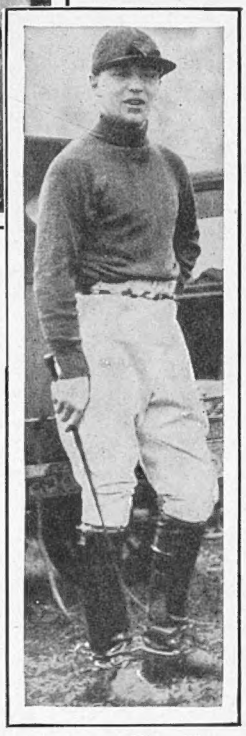
MISS A. SAINSBURY (left), MISS MARY THOMAS, MISS M. WILDE, MR. D. N. ADAMS, MR. DOUGLAS COLDREAM, MR. HUMPHREY SMITH, AND MR. R. G. WILSON

News Illus.

LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY WITH THE HON. W. W. ASTOR

OXFORD IN THE SADDLE

Some who rode, and others who watched them ride, in the Christ Church and Bullingdon Club Point-to-Point Races. The meeting was held at Wantage



News Illus.

MR. R. TURNER

A Tragedy of the War

THE War brought tragedies to most of us, but everybody who knew Prince Lichnowsky realised that his war tragedy had a personal bitterness never to be forgotten. Because of his position—he was a Serene Highness—his wealth, and the many friends he and his wife already had in London, he was sent here as German Ambassador. Ostensibly, the appointment was made to quieten doubts which were already growing as to the sincerity of Germany's, and more particularly the ex-Kaiser's, protestations of pacifism.

Prince Lichnowsky believed the instructions given him, and in that belief both he and his wife worked hard to create a better understanding between the two countries. They were the most popular Ambassador and Ambassadress we had had in London for many years. But he was fooled and deceived by his own country from the very beginning of his appointment; and never more fooled and betrayed than during that momentous July of 1914, when the tin and pinchbeck gods in Berlin were determining on war. There was no one in England to whom the declaration of war came as a greater shock than to Prince Lichnowsky. Berlin deceived him up to the very end.

For the last fourteen years he has lived, very much impoverished, on his patrimonial estate in Silesia, an embittered man who has never forgotten his betrayal by the Hohenzollern dynasty and its advisers. And now he is dead! His chief interest in these later years was in reading biographies and memoirs.

The Lichnowsky family dates back to the end of the fifteenth century. They becames princes in the middle of the eighteenth century, and Serene Highnesses in the middle of the nineteenth. But only the eldest son bears the title of prince; all the other sons are counts and the daughters are countesses.

The Children's Theatre

AT the top of Endell Street in Shaftesbury Avenue, right opposite to the Prince's Theatre, is the smallest licensed theatre in London. It seats a hundred and fifteen people, and once was a grocer's shop. Its programme is especially arranged for children, beginning at a quarter before six and lasting for an hour and a half.

When you come to think of it, apart from such plays as *Peter Pan, Bluebell in Fairyland,* and panto-

News Illus.

MR. EVAN MORGAN (left), MISS BONAS, MR. RODWELL, MRS. PETER GURNEY, MR. BEN BONAS, MR. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, MR. IVOR KRABBE, AND MISS CLEGG

mimes, there is no special entertainment for children. And these plays, with *Charley's Aunt* and *The Private Secretary,* and the pantomimes, are only given in the Christmas holidays. For the rest of the year London parents have to depend upon the films for their children's amusement. And, as we all know, in order to see a film suitable for children it generally happens that other films have to be seen, too—films which are not always suitable for the young.

Wise parents, therefore, will take their children to The Children's Theatre. I found the programme most joyous. Two little plays—one appealing to the romance all children have for loyalty to the Stuart cause; the other to their joy in anything to do with Red Indians—and delightful old ballads and new poems, sung and acted with scenery and costumes, gave an entertainment children have never had before. Apart from the delightful originality of the programme, it is worth while going to Endell Street just to hear the children laugh—that is if you have no children of your own to take. If it receives the support it ought to have The Children's Theatre will become an institution of joy and delight, because it gives children just what children love and understand.

I must add two words about the players. The first is their understanding of the fun in what they are singing or acting. That understanding spreads at once to their audience of little folks. The second is their diction. In the songs and plays every syllable is clear, every word is heard. I wish some of the effulgent stars, both male and female, of the adult stage would creep into The Children's Theatre to hear what they themselves might do with the spoken word.

Alfieri

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Major F. Beaumont-Nesbitt, M.C., Grenadier Guards, with his bride, formerly the Hon. Ruby Hardinge, leaving Holy Trinity, Brompton, after their wedding last week. The bride, who is the daughter of of Viscountess Hardinge and the late Viscount Hardinge, was given away by her brother, Viscount Hardinge

Two Exhibitions

Sir Philip Sassoon is lending his house, 25, Park Lane, from the 6th to the 11th March inclusive, for an exhibition in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. Treasures in needlework, lace, embroidery and furniture, etc., will be shown which have never been seen in public before. For instance, New College, Oxford, is lending the mitre and gloves of William of Wykeham, which have never left the College before; the Duke of Northumberland is lending the coronation gloves of Edward VI; the Contarini family, the State bonnet of a Doge of Venice; and Lady Horner is lending the veil worn by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution. Some of the embroideries date back to the year 1300.

On Wednesday, March 14, the Marchioness of Titchfield is lending her house, 16, Portman Square, for an exhibition of silk and wool knitted garments and baskets made with extraordinary skill by the blind workers of the London Association for the Blind.

By Helen McKie

LEAP YEAR REVELS

The fact that this year is Leap Year was the occasion of an outbreak of revels all over London on the night of February 29, but the statistics of proposals offered by fair partners to their escorts are not yet to hand. Our artist has shown the scene at the First Avenue Hotel, in High Holborn, where the proceedings were conducted on a scale that made one regret the fact that four years must pass before another Leap Year night comes round

At the Beaufort Point-to-Point

British Illus.

LADY EDNAM AND THE HON. MRS. DUDLEY WARD

British Illus.

CAPT. AND LADY DIANA SHEDDEN

Sport and General

LADY AVICE MENZIES AND MR. JACKSON

Sport and General

THE PRINCE OF WALES WINNING THE WELSH GUARDS RACE

Some of those who attended the recent Beaufort Hunt Point-to-Point, held at Haselton, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The Prince of Wales won the Welsh Guards Race by ten lengths on his mount, Degomme. He was riding as Colonel of the Welsh Guards

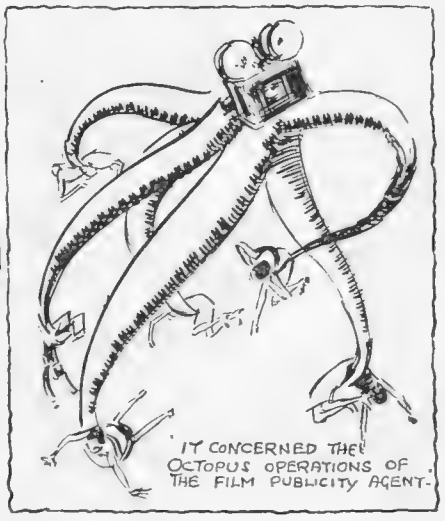
P. and A.

LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS

Sport and General

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



A Universal Spring Cleaning

Most of us have a grouch peculiar to ourselves, but this morning I met a man with several. Not that he looked upon the world with a jaundiced eye, neither was he suffering from an attack of liver. He had just been thinking things out in a logical way and had decided that the world needed spring cleaning.

Putting the World Right

He was not prepared to take on the job himself. As he explained, he was a busy man and hadn't the time to put things right. So he very kindly suggested that I should see what I could do about it. As he put it, putting the world right was a journalist's job. I should get paid for it and he wouldn't. I had the opportunities and he—was a busy man. I did not thank him for his innuendo, but asked him to get down to brass tacks. He did!

Octopus Operations

His first complaint was not very original. It concerned the octopus operations of the film publicity agent. He protested that, try as he would, he couldn't get away from this particular devil and all his works. Naturally, it was the Nurse Cavell film that had him on the raw. Where the producer made the mistake, he said, was in ever contemplating such a production—and now the endless columns of pros and cons wearied him.

Better Left Alone

I sympathised, of course, for quite a lot of people are agreed that the subject is one that would have been better left alone. But when he went on to rail at films in the abstract I began to suspect him. I asked him if he was a frequent visitor to picture palaces, and he sniffed his contempt. He had seen *Ben Hur* and didn't like it. But, as I pointed out, the same might be said of many film fans.

Are They to Blame?

His next kick was against those inconsiderate people who arrive late at the theatre. Here he was on safe ground—provided, of course, that they are really to blame. What he had left out of his considerations was the traffic problem. How many times have all of us started off in plenty of time, only to spend an exasperating quarter of an hour in a Piccadilly traffic block? Unless you start the day before it is almost impossible to guarantee a punctual arrival at any stated place by any stated time.

One-legged Ping-pong

I must say he interested me when he urged that amateur championships were rather ridiculous things. Not that I agreed with him altogether, but there was a deal of logic in his argument that a championship is a championship, and the best man is the best man, whatever his pecuniary position. "It would be just as logical to start a ping-pong championship for one-legged men," he added cynically. I could find no adequate answer to that, for though it is right and proper that paid players should be rigorously excluded from certain purely amateur leagues I have always felt, with my disgruntled friend, that a championship *is* a championship after all.

Second-rate Affairs

You will argue that amateurs are perfectly at liberty to enter for all open championships, and that all competitors meet on level terms. Of course, but the amateur championship is a second-rate sort of affair, advertising the admission that payment in sport has introduced a new standard which makes it necessary to treat the genuine amateur on the lines of my friend's "one-legged ping-pong player." I would much rather see these junior amateur tournaments washed out. This would result in all the plums going to paid men—for a

By David Wilson

WILL HE "SLICE" IT?

time. Then public opinion would assert itself, and we might find the professional being washed out in his turn.

A Game is a Game

Don't think I am hard on the professional, excellent man. He would still play his favourite game, but he would make his living in some other walk of life—just as the amateur has to do at present. This, you will say, would result in the deterioration of sport. Not a bit. These things are all a question of degree. Contrariwise, I can imagine the professional business being developed to such an extent that, for the sake of sport, it was not considered safe for James Braid to stand in a draughty shop or for Hammond to send down a ball at the practice nets. A game is a game, and the sporting spirit is the only thing that matters.

Some Prophet!

The writer who forecast "the usual hullabalulah" when Tallulah appeared at the newly decorated Globe Theatre was a sound prophet. The disturbance on the first night of *Blackmail* was due to the ridiculous behaviour of a pack of silly women who screech and scream every time this unfortunate actress pokes her nose inside a theatre, and I should fancy she is feeling pretty sore about it.

Save Us, Indeed

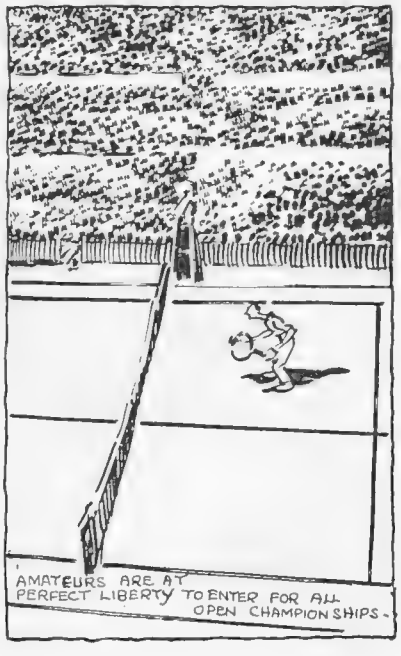
Other players besides Miss Bankhead have reason to be asked to be saved from their friends. I have myself been driven to exasperation on a Coward first night by the piping cries of "Noel! Noel!" from young gentlemen in the stalls. Mr. Coward's adorers are masculine and decorate the stalls; Miss Bankhead's are feminine and grace the gallery.

Brighter Taxis

My morning paper suggests, among certain other startling innovations, that taxicabs may shortly have fresh-cut flowers placed in them, to say nothing of magazines and free cigarettes. My morning paper may be surprised to know that quite a number of drivers have already adopted the cut-flower suggestion, and that free matches are not unusual.

Different Angles

"Photographs of attractive spots within the Metropolitan area" are to be the next thing in this campaign for brighter taxicabs. But what spots will be considered the most attractive, and from whose angle will they be selected? I am sure my driver of last night prefers the "Queen's Elm" or the "Abergavenny Arms" to Kensington Gardens or the Natural History Museum.



Dancers, Beware!

Revellers at fancy dress dances should look out, for the light-fingered gents. have discovered the possibilities of these jolly functions. The fancy dress helps them to move easily and quickly in any set, and the girl who places her bag on a chair finds on her return that the Treasury notes have flown. In the excitement of a big dance this new brand of petty theft is so easy that I wonder the professionals care to practise it.

British Legion

Congratulations to Earl Jellicoe and to the British Legion on the selection of the former to be the President of the latter. The choice was an inspiration, and will keep alive the spirit of comradeship on which so much depends

DÉBUTANTES OF THE SEASON

Hay Wrightson
MISS OONAGH GUINNESS

Hay Wrightson
THE HON. GEORGIANA CURZON

Lafayette
MISS HELEN TREVELYAN THOMSON

Bassano
MISS G. CLARKE-JERVOISE

Madame Yevonde
MISS ISMAY CRICHTON-STUART

Hay Wrightson
MISS NANCY BEATON

Some of the younger generation of Society who will be presented at this year's Courts, two of which take place in May and two in June. The 1928 Season is full of glorious promise

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

UNE AFFAIRE FORMIDABLE !

By PENDARVES

I LOVE this France-England match. It means a real day out — especially when one goes over to Paris for it! But we did not need to (alas!) in this case: for they came to us. And we journeyed towards Twickenham in a very crowded car, talking alleged French most of the way down; and during the hold-up at Hammersmith, the *pièce de résistance*—I'm still doing it—was provided by a Cambridge "blue" in a contiguous car who, standing pulpit-wise against a wind-screen, asked loudly and plaintively of the traffic-directing Robert, "*Gendarme; avez-vous vu la plume de ma tante par ici, aujourd'hui? Non? Mais, pourquoi pas—hein?*" The only person who wasn't highly amused was Robert: but that we shall get over in due course.

What a perfect setting to the Rugger scene the day and the hour provided for the Twickenham 60,000. An almost hot sun: a few thousand cars already parked, and picnicking at one o'clock: no wind: Spring definitely in the air: all the loveliest Lovelies in London—and some over from Paris (*gosh!*)—strolling about: the band playing provocative fox-trots: the pitch in perfect condition: a great and glorious day. And two minutes before three enters His Majesty, with a white rose in his buttonhole, his hat in his hand, facing with his kind, grave smile the vociferous welcome that bursts upon him like a thunder-clap. And the equally sudden, splendidly impressive silence while the Prayer for him is played, and mentally prayed by every man and woman within sound of it. And then the dramatic *Marseillaise*, which always jerks the French Front back to some of us with a vivid reality even now . . . and so to the sparkling game, everyone radiantly content, for the Peace is on the world to-day.

To get right down to it—as those Frenchmen did at once—there is this to be said of the 1928 France side, and said emphatically. That if only they could have added, on that day's play, a little more football brains to their great speed and greater determination there is no side in the four countries that would not have had a large number of points taken away from them. Indeed, in spite of the beating they got to the tune of 18-8, they were to me the more impressive team of the two. None of the British countries have got a pair of centre threequarters so definitely GOOD as those two béret-adorned Behotéguy brothers from Cognac: an almost perfect pair of players: outstandingly the best two men of the thirty on that field. We could do with both of them, thankfully, in any of our National sides. And if they *were* playing together in a phlegmatic, highly experienced, Rugger-tradition-from-birth British team they would be a terrific weapon both in attack and in defence.

But that is the trouble with the French national side—its temperament defeats it. And watching the players most carefully the other day, and seeing what was undoubtedly the highest quality French team that has yet been shown in an International contest, one comes to the regretful conclusion that they are always more likely than not to defeat *themselves* than be roundly and soundly beaten by the other side: though it is true they defeated us over there last year. If they could cease calling to each other frantically, "*le ballon, le ballon!*" "*à moi, à moi!*" "*poussez, poussez!*" and distracting things of that sort, and take the hint from the grim, concentrated silence of their Anglo-Saxon opponents, they would score where now they *nearly* score: and that would make all the difference to them, and, incidentally, to us!

The newspapers very tactfully skirted round the subject of that disputed try, and the uproar which followed Freethy's decision upon it. Periton and two French forwards dived at the rolling ball, and all three fell on and about it. The try was given to England—and the occupants of the North Stand expressed themselves angrily upon the matter for a couple of minutes thereafter. This was very sporting of them, because they felt that France was being done down. But it was also not in the best of taste; for, apart from His Majesty's presence, people who watch big Rugger matches ought by this time to have realised that A. E. Freethy does at least know his job—as he proved pretty decisively on this ground once on a similar sort of occasion—and he should have been given the benefit of any doubt existing on the matter, even to the detriment of our opponents.

However, it was a great day—"*une affaire vraiment formidable,*" as the representative (also in a béret) of *L'Auto-Sport de Toulouse* said to me in the Press Stand at half-time. And there was one gorgeous moment, unforgettable, typical—that thunderous, rocking roar, rising higher, louder, deeper, almost terrifying: the roar of the Twickenham thousands when England starts a forward rush and sweeps irresistibly towards the enemy's goal.

Alfieri

GETTING AWAY WITH IT

An incident in the recent Hospitals Cup semi-final between London and St. George's Hospitals at Richmond. By winning by 16 points to 4, London Hospital is now qualified to meet St. Bartholomew's in the final

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 17.—NORTHAMPTON

Northampton R.F.C. keeps up an extraordinarily high average of first class football and always produces a tough pack. Here are our artist's impressions of the various leading lights at present connected with this famous club

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Produced January 30, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a play that makes people laugh a great deal, and we do not ask more of a farce-comedy than that. The idea is that some married ladies, tiring of the stereotyped excuses of their husbands who have been detained at the office, or have had to go out in a hurry to see a man about a dog, decide to kick over the traces and usurp the time-honoured masculine prerogative of venial error and transparent mendacity. As the curtain rises, one of the husbands, Mr. Howard Drake (of significant nomenclature), is expecting one or two of the others to join him in a duck hunt. Ready to hand he has his rifle, and the usual decoys, to say nothing of the luxurious picnic basket from which the gilded head of a bottle protrudes alluringly. In due course the men depart for their sport, leaving their wives to make up a staid and very correct Bridge party.

THEN the ladies begin to talk—although it cannot be claimed, I suppose, that there is anything unusual about that. Mrs. Martin, for instance, remarks that Mrs. Ladd's husband was seen at the Ritz the other day lunching with a lively flapper. His subsequent explanation was that as an expert financier he was merely advising a lady client as to the best way of securing a return on her capital. He may or may not have been speaking the truth. It's all according. This exchange of confidences develops into the clear belief that the other husbands have also prevaricated recklessly in respect of their absences from home, and it is unanimously concluded that the trouble in each case was another woman.

THEREFORE Mrs. Ladd unfolds her plan to Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Drake. She has a lively young nephew, Henry Winton, whom she proposes to invite for the week-end to her villa by the Thames. Henry will bring two of his college friends, so that they can pair off to the satisfaction of all concerned. It is playing with fire, of course, and fire has been said to be a good servant but a bad master, though the ladies have no intention of being as bad as that. All they hope for is to be escorted by the young men to dances and promenades, and to flirt with them with sufficient freedom to teach the erring husbands a useful lesson. The name of one of the young men is Jose Vellejo. Mrs. Martin at once decides that he is the man for her. He is a Spaniard, of course, and we have all heard of the warm blood of the romantic South. Mrs. Martin is represented by Miss Iris Hoey, who is the life of the piece. She raves about her hidalgo in the best style of the modern flapper straining at the apron-strings for better or for worse

AS a matter of fact, when Jose Vellejo arrives he thinks it right to explain that, while he was born

of a Spanish father, his native place is Brighton. Still, from what we have heard of Brighton he would not appear to be disqualified on that account. And as soon as he appears on the scene, Mrs. Martin hooks her arm in his ecstatically, and rushes him off for a stroll in the grounds, while the other two ladies, a little alarmed at her romantic haste, follow her precipitately so that she may know that she is under observation.

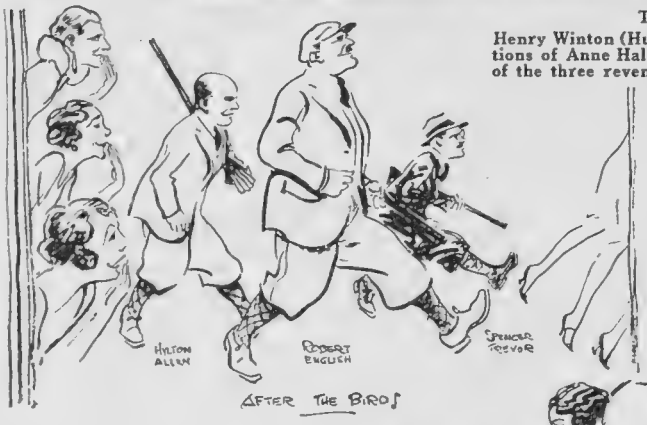
MRS. DRAKE is a lady who confesses to forty-three, so that her real age is only a matter of simple proportion and a decimal point or so. The young man allotted to her is named Oscar Nordholm, and, as his name implies, he is supposed to be of Norse extraction. Also he is nicely blonde, and Mrs. Drake, like those Gentlemen we have heard of, prefers blondes. Having taken a square look at the lady, Oscar's first impulse is to bolt from the premises; but he is urged by his friends to stand by them loyally, and he therefore grimly resolves to justify his inclusion in the party. Norse blood is not usually supposed to be as red as that which flows through proud Castilian veins, but under a stern sense of duty Oscar does his best. Finding himself alone with the middle-aged Mrs. Drake, he rushes at her and attempts to enfold her in an amorous embrace. Mrs. Drake, however, had no idea of letting things go as far as that, and her lively resistance provokes an extraordinary scene of riotous struggling most realistically presented by Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Edward Woodings, to the noisy appreciation of a crowded house that shrieks aloud in its delight.

MRS. LADD (Miss Helen Haye), the organiser of the little outbreak, proves to be the most reserved of the three ladies, possibly because her cavalier has committed the indiscretion of falling in love with a nice girl of his

THE CALL OF YOUTH *Stage Photo Co.*

Henry Winton (Hugh Dempster) apparently finds the attractions of Anne Hall (Jean May) more to his liking than those of the three revengeful wives. Ethel Drake (Nancy Price), Kitty Ladd (Helen Haye) and Susan Martin (Iris Hoey) are seen registering sympathetic disapproval

own age. But there is no reserve about the lively Mrs. Martin. Out in the garden her Spaniard from Brighton has persuaded her that he is an expert osteopath, and we shall not inquire too closely into the secrets of that particular trade or calling. When Jose brings her back from the garden we observe that he is in his shirt sleeves, as the saying goes. He places her comfortably on a settee and squats at her feet with a guitar, while the other ladies with their escorts are distributed about the room, and the lights are discreetly lowered. Then all join in a jolly chorus, which is at its most jovial height when the three husbands burst upon the scene and break out into a torrent of very personal inquiries.



AFTER THE BIRD

THE Third Act is mostly explanation on the lines of the proverbial recriminations of the pot and the kettle. In answer to the suggestions of their respective wives that they have been otherwise occupied than in chasing ducks, each of the men has a glib excuse which he hopes will confound his accuser and leave him with his halo intact. It happens, however, that just at that moment the solemn butler enters and announces three young ladies, who burst into the room a moment later with every indication of belonging to that paradoxical section of the body politic known as Gay. I do not know if the ladies are as young as they look, as I hope I should be the last to raise the thorny question of ladies' ages; but as they appear before us they have the air of mere children of disquieting precocity, and their association with three men of mature age is not perhaps a very happy exhibition.

AS it happens the men are of a forgiving nature, otherwise their ladies would have appeared to overlook the fact that an astute lawyer could have easily secured the divorce of all three. Both sides, however, duly repent, and no doubt resolve (for what the resolution is worth) to lead a better life for the future. One reason for repentance on the part of the ladies is that, having been taken out to dances by active young men, they find that they are not as young as they were. They hobble back home with tired limbs and a respectable longing for the chastened delights of middle age. The moral would appear to be that it is physical inability to indulge in frivolous pursuits that alone keeps us all with our reputations for steadiness and sobriety intact. In these days the right of the neglected wife to go out and have a racy time on her own account has become a canon of modern ethics, and the popularity of this strange play may therefore be well assured. And since it is written that tastes cannot be usefully discussed, there is no need to discuss them here.

JINGLE.

AFTER THE BALL

By HARTLEY CARRICK

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is said to be a devotee of painting. We wonder whether his favourite picture is The Hopeless "Dawn."

. . . . . .

WE understand that to avoid certain susceptibilities the following alterations are to be made:—

1. German measles are not to be notified lest a Teutonic Government cavil at them.
2. Those English firms, who advertise *Arc* Lamps, will withdraw them because it might offend the memory of the immortal Joan.
3. A certain vinegar firm (established since Henry VIII), will no longer state that their wares were recommended by Katharine of Tarragon.
4. In New York Harbour the Statue of Liberty is to be uprooted as it may cause offence to the national bootleggers.
5. The tobacco (and incidentally Shakespearian) slogan, "And all the men and women merely 'Players,'" is to cease, owing to another firm who have "'Wills' of their own."
6. Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square is to be cut down to two pages!
7. To conciliate the Spanish Embassy, the Great Armadadillo will be removed from the Zoo.

. . . . . .

AND, after all, doesn't it make Germany just Potsdam-silly?

. . . . . .

A CHURN that will turn out anything is advertised at Olympia. Is it any good recommending it to Mr. Edgar Wallace?

. . . . . .

A SOCIALIST Member of Parliament stigmatises a Cabinet Minister as the biggest liar on earth. Tut-tut, he forgets himself.

If you read in a somewhat obsequious Press
That a play just produced is a howling success,
And that in the West End it is perfectly clear
That it's destined to run for a day and a year,
You may bet that this advert. will shortly be seen,
"Next week (for a week), we're at Golders Green!"

. . . . . .

SIX little derelict puppies were found in Regent's Park last week. Their mother seems to have disregarded the rule concerning litter left about.

. . . . . .

The ant, I will wager a penny,
Is an insect that's cuter than any,
But though it has stings,
It cannot boast wings—
The reason is that it antennæ!

STAGE SILHOUETTES

("Old Odell," Prince of Bohemians.)

You are wary, you are wise,
"Old Odell,"
You've got penetrating eyes,
"Old Odell";
You are just the cheery bloke we
Care to crack a merry joke wi',
For you've always a "tu quoque,"
Bold Odell!

In your chair you calmly sit,
"Old Odell,"
And we chuckle at your wit,
"Old Odell,"
And young Members—how you rot 'em!
You can sift 'em to the bottom,
For you know you've always got 'em
Cold, Odell!

You are always just the same,
"Old Odell,"
Were I French, I'd say je t'aime,
"Old Odell,"
Yet though classics I may mangle,
You *are never in a tangle,*
And on all you've got a strangle-Hold, Odell!!!

. . . . . .

A MAN who kept 200 clocks in his house has died. None of them were (or was) wound up. Eventually he, like them, was found "run down."

. . . . . .

"JONES, construct a sentence containing the word 'anemone.'"

"Yes, sir; anemone hath done this thing!"

BY PETER FRASER

RATHER A DRAWBACK

GOLFER: "What's his handicap, d'you know?"
SANDY: "His gowf!"

"'Tis providence alone secures
In every change both mine and yours"

OLD FABLE

BY H. M. BATEMAN

1ST TAXGATHERER: "That's right—squeeze the life out of him!"
2ND TAXGATHERER: "No, not *quite*. I'll leave a *little* for next year!"

A "Hit" in "Hit the Deck"

Hay Wrightson

MISS ELLEN POLLOCK

Who is playing in "Hit the Deck," that great success at the London Hippodrome. She took part in "The Midnight Performance" at the Hippodrome on Leap Year Day (February 29) in aid of the Middlesex Cancer Hospital

The Navy going west—out East. Ellen Pollock and Sydney Howard

NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. XIV— DINING DYNASTIES

"Their staid, exquisite dinners under those pale amber and white chandeliers"

FIFTEEN years ago—and what is that in the span of London's fascinating history?—the question of dinner was an entirely different proposition from what it is to-day. Two things have happened to one's appetite for dinner and one's inclination to go out and deal with it. The cocktail has killed it—for nobody in his senses will suggest that the cocktail habit does other than dull the appetite: and the saxophone has partially but not entirely resuscitated it. Fifteen years ago a comparatively few people were keeping about five first-class restaurants going in the West End of London—although there were, as there are to-day, the Soho satellites picking up the crumbs that fell from the rich dining tables.

Of these five famous dining places two carved out such a deep niche for themselves in the favour of a discriminating public that they have never been completely submerged under the rushing torrent of the cocktail: nor do they need the encouraging hoot of wind instruments to keep their peckers up. One of these dining dynasties is the Carlton. I am sure that the suave, bland, terribly worldly Carlton executive would be the first to admit, however, that in the fierce, extremely vulgar and distinctly noisy post-war rush to be "out and about" at night in the restaurants and places on the part of people who, coming from nowhere, insisted on being seen everywhere, their restaurant was left somewhat in the neglected background.

This was the Carlton's own choice: a very wise and worldly choice I can't help thinking, because it refused stolidly and with all the Carltonian tradition behind it to become jazzily genteel at the risk of losing the high place it had always held in the affections of the "creamy" people. So they hung on tight, and continued to give their staid, exquisite dinners under those pale amber and white chandeliers, surrounded by the elegant hen's-egg coloured marble, to the quiet "too utterly Cadogan" folk who remained faithful to them. And patience (plus a great and continuous revenue from hotel bedroom suites, which tends to banish financial perplexities) seems about to reap its own reward.

Two very gratifying things are happening to the Carlton now. The cocktail party—which nobody can avoid, try as they may—is causing people to put off dinner as long as possible. The result is that when, at long last, appetites begin to reappear, about 8.30, "some quiet restful place," such as theirs, is becoming more and more desirable round about 9.30: which carries the night-lighter on quiescently at a dilettante dinner until such time as the cabaret hour looms into the foreground of matters, round about 11-ish. I am told that the Carlton are flirting with the idea of having "turns" (which is what the word "cabaret" has come to mean in London), if they have not already fallen to this temptation. Mercifully I saw no inkling of any such effrontery there the other night, and I hope I never may. Cabaret shows at the Carlton would be as unsuitable as a tail coat at Twickenham.

The other thing that is causing the Carlton a good deal of quiet satisfaction is the steadily increasing desire on the part of many people to revert to the pre-war type of dinner: that is to say, a dinner in peace and space, as opposed to one partaken at a table which has been squeezed down to its lowest common denominator in size, and inserted (before you come in) between two other tables, in order to accommodate at least four more people than deftness of service and intimacy of dining speech make possible. The ladies are largely responsible for this. A woman who is *really* looking her best ("God knows how I am going to pay for *this* frock, my dear, but don't say anything, will you"?) realises, far quicker than you can, my male, that she is not getting the best out of the business if she has got a dozen other women within elbow-touching propinquity all about her and within *your* immediate vision. She requires space, the better that you may get the *ensemble* of her bang between the eyes, as it were. I think this must be so, for I saw half a dozen works of art here last week; and each stood out in a high light of its own—which was very pleasant for them and disturbing for us. They all had that serenely unconscious air of the woman when she feels that she is rather more than keeping her end up in a highly competitive assembly. All things considered, the Carlton seems definitely, if slowly, to be coming into its own again. And, of course, when the highly original world of diners awaken to this fact they will swarm back there, not in their hundreds per week but in their thousands—which is the inscrutable but invariable way of the Town.

Another dynasty of dining is the Savoy. True, a com-

plete metamorphosis has taken place in this great restaurant. But so it has in us! The Savoy always specialised in *something*. The dinners here in 1913 were scintillating ceremonies every night of the seven, in that the famous Embankment room used to contain, one night or the next, all the "firework" people of the moment. You would see the (alleged) loveliest woman in all the world in the simplest gown—as her dress was then called—and the plainest woman with the most expensive pearls; the man who had amassed a million; and he who was doing his best to lose the same amount. You still see them here. But you see others also.

The Savoy is to-night, and seems always likely to be, one of the meeting places of the world. For its dinner

"The Savoy is to modern dancing what the M.C.C. is to cricket"

will give all that the greatest gourmet can reasonably want; and its world-renowned restaurant is now under the management of Santorelli, who is an Italian gentleman in the best sense of that much-abused term. It has also that inestimable advantage, money to spend upon itself. I understand it is the richest organisation of its kind in all London. Observing the *de luxe* manner in which it has recently done itself up, this does not surprise me. Furthermore, the Savoy has alluring private suites of rooms wherein "meetings" are held during the daytime and "little business dinners" at night. And if you stood about and watched the sort of men who come in and go out of these rooms, chewing cigars and looking gravely preoccupied, you would feel that the greater part of the consolidated wealth of Britain stalks these softly carpeted, gay green corridors during the course of any three months of a year. And on the principle that the presence of money attracts other money, the Savoyards are, naturally, very rich.

But they have another tremendous pull. The Savoy is to modern dancing what the M.C.C. is to cricket. It may perhaps sound contentious (it is going to be very difficult, however, for anyone to prove this wrong, giving contrary details) to say that the Savoy people have got at the moment two of the best dance bands in the country. They have also got a third band, and I wish they would get rid of it. It is a Tango affair. Does England want the Tango? Can it dance it properly when it has got it? The answer seems unquestionably in the negative. When the average Englishman and woman are mooning slowly round a room to the excruciating musical-box screech of the Tango concertina, the former invariably looks fatuously self-conscious and the latter miserably bored with the whole business. The Anglo-Saxon temperament is not, and never will be, in tune with Tango *tempo* and rhythm: it is utterly foreign to it. The best answer to the Tango fans, few as they are, is that the moment either of the other two Savoy bands cease, and the Tango tune commences, complete anticlimax sets in upon the floor, which becomes occupied by five couples only in place of about fifty. A Tango lady tried to quell me at the Savoy the other night with the argument that "everyone" who goes to the South of France feels "out of it," because he or she can't do the Tango and is expected to "out there"; so we must have it at *one* place at least in London. But the Savoy is not run exclusively or even mainly for those who "go to the Riviera."

After all, with two really magnificent bands, such as "Fred Elizalde and His Music" and the "Savoy Orpheans," which all Europe listens-in to, the dance-mad world can surely not want more? Of their kind they are perfect—and extremely expensive, as most good things in this tax-ridden country have an unfortunate habit of being.

Instructive after dinner to go behind the scenes here and talk to Elizalde, a charming, simple little man from the Basque country, quite recently a Cambridge undergraduate, and hear him discourse upon the subtleties of the "straight melody" versus the "hot stuff." How the straight melody fox-trot will draw them to the floor perhaps, perhaps not—it depends on the state of the dinner, and the fascination, or otherwise, of the dinner partner. But how, fascinating *vis-à-vis* or not, the moment the "hot" tune starts, that complicated kaleidoscope of syncopation against the beat and over it and under it and around, then instantly and invariably you will see, if you care to watch, all or nearly all the little satin slippers tap-tapping to the time under the tables, and bodies visibly vibrating to the sound; and eyes being raised invitingly to eyes which signal "Shall we?" "We *must*" . . . and they do. As you know, and I know, and all the world to-night knows, be they beckoned by the "hot stuff" across dark miles of wireless ether, or directly, commandingly and irresistibly as they sit in that sumptuous Savoy setting, with its gleaming spaces of parquet stretching ready to their restive feet.

E. P. L.-B.

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

THE APACHES

THE SUPERMAN: A DAY IN THE LI

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can b

IFE OF A GOLF CLUB SECRETARY

BY H. H. HARRIS

e obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

fit

Britain in Spring-time is Britain at its best. The motorist has unrivalled opportunities for seeing his own country; the highways and by-ways are accessible to him and Dunlop Tyres are equal to all the road may hold. Plan *your* week-end and evening trips now and let your car be the 'magic carpet' to those beauty spots which are within easy motoring distance.

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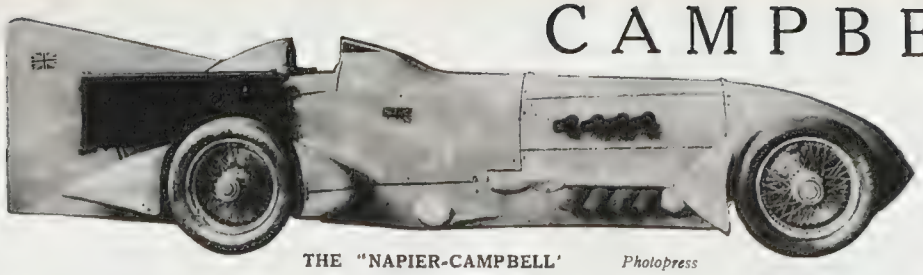
CAMPBELLISM

By DELL LEIGH

Caricatures by HYNES



THE "NAPIER-CAMPBELL' *Photopress*

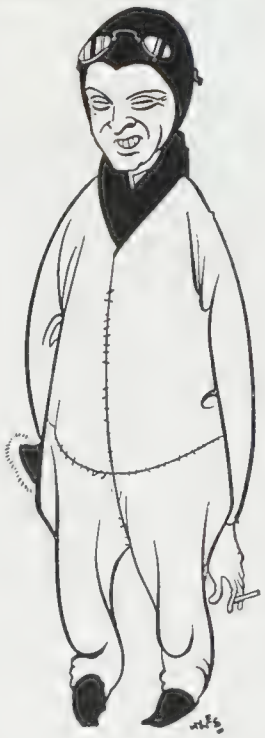
I SOMETIMES sit between Malcolm Campbell and De Haine Segrave at a round table, where men eat lunch and hurl appalling insults at each other, which is a peculiar but sure sign of male friendship: and, glancing from one face to the other, I frequently reflect what utterly different types they represent. They have one thing in common only. The cold blue-grey eye. And it is the man with the cold blue-grey eye, with a bias of blue, who usually goes and does things that I can't do.

Looking at Segrave and listening to him during some of his Grand Prix periods of preparation; hearing of his ultimate hairbreadth escapes and achievements in those deadly dangerous contests; and during the eternal question plying he went through at that same round table after his Daytona record, one said to oneself, "Well, of course you *would* do it." Because De Haine looks all over the type of man you would expect to do something sickeningly dangerous and marvellous.

Campbell, on the other hand, does not at first glance give that impression at all. In fact, until you actually saw him at his job, or knew the awful risks he literally revels in, you would, not unnaturally, place him in the category of the successful motor merchant who would prefer to let someone else drive his Rolls down to the Grand at Eastbourne for lunch on Sunday, while he persuaded you in the cushioned back of it, glibly and with all the rhetoric of the retailer, that the "Inconstant Nymph" really *was* the car "for your purpose, ol' man, take it from me": that he was, in fact, one of the "line of least resistance" men—like yourself. You would, however, be making an egregious error.

He is the exact antithesis of the "strong silent man." He is, in point of fact, inordinately strong. No one could have righted that skidding monstrosity of roaring mechanism on the Daytona sands who had not got cart-horse wrists. But he does not look it. He is a little fellow, who talks very fast and fervently lives on his nerves, and I have seen him start violently when a door was slammed behind him.

There are two Campbells: and the Campbellism in each is utterly different. I discovered this some years ago by accident. He asked me down for a week-end to his charming old converted farmhouse in Sussex. Here, in spite of the super hard tennis court, the black oak beams, the delicious parquet ballroom, the old-world garden, and the cocktails for everyone but himself, the centre of attraction to him is the workshop, which for modern gadgets and every known form of motor mechanic's delight is second to none in England.



CAPT. MALCOLM CAMPBELL

Campbell is car-crazy. And your only method of weaning him away from fussing about his wonderful workshop all day and half the night is to go with him on a stunt to Brooklands. You will be driven there through the narrow, winding Sussex lanes at *some* speed; but he will continue to be the talkative, highly strung man who will have much to say about the hopeless way people hog along the roads these days.

But immediately he comes within sight of those racing cars humming round the track the Campbell No. 1 drops from him suddenly, and the Campbell No. 2 envelops him like an overcoat: a tight-fitting garment, impervious to everything. It is the car of the moment only that counts, and what she will "do"; nothing else and no one else matters. If you sit alongside him in her, and can detach yourself sufficiently from the terror that grips you to glance sideways through your goggles at him, you will see that a complete metamorphosis has taken place in him.

His face is as the marble bust of a man: the set mouth is as if carved in stone. All the concrete in all the world may be, and apparently is, rushing up to smite you between the eyes; your body may be in acute agony with the bumping; the carburetter may be on fire at 108 m.p.h.; nevertheless, you feel that all these petti-fogging, puerile things are nothing to this graven image at your side. To him only one thing on earth matters—the rev. counter: what it is doing; how much more it will do, and for how long? As for *you*—he simply does not know you are there. When the name "Segrave" was bandied eulogistically about the world, Malcolm, like the sportsman he is, was one of the first to say "damgood show": and he meant it. But he became very quiet and introspective thereafter. And though he said not a word, those of us who knew him knew he was "up to something." He was up to a great deal in that Sussex home. And when the wealthy Americans declared their intentions, in no uncertain voice, Malcolm became quieter than ever—an awkward moment for them could they have known! And it culminated, as all the admiring world now knows, in a Scotsman putting up an entirely one-man show against them, all on his own.

MAJOR SEGRAVE

DORINDA ON THE TEE.

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrations by LEO CHENEY

"WOULD you like to teach me something?" asked Dorinda.

"So far as I can judge," I replied, "there are very few people who could teach you *anything*."

Dorinda looked at her tiny platinum wrist watch.

"I've got an hour to spare. Would you care to teach me golf?"

I was not shocked. I owe my position as Dorinda's favourite uncle entirely to my faculty of not being shocked. Dorinda is as lovely as an English summer's day and almost as unexpected.

"Very well," I said.

Dorinda drove me to the clubhouse in her yellow sports car at Dorinda's usual speed; that is, at a speed which made me shut my eyes, grip the inner door-handle, and pray.

Carrying our own clubs, we arrived at the first tee. (Our caddies are rather nice boys, and I had no intention of having them demoralised by Dorinda.)

"That is the first green over there," I explained. "You send your ball in that direction and ——"

"Down with the red flag!" concluded Dorinda. "Quite right. Which stick do I start with? The one that looks like two tablespoonfuls before meals?"

"No, that's the niblick. Here's your driver."

"The nobbly one? Good."

"Yes. Perhaps I'd better drive off first, just to ——"

"Drive off? Why, we've only just come."

"Look," I explained. I took up my stance and gave a preliminary swing.

Dorinda gazed, fascinated.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm addressing the ball."

"How nice for it. Are you going to give it an illuminated address?"

I frowned severely and gave another waggle.

"Wrong," interposed Dorinda. "All wrong."

"What do you mean?" I demanded. "My stance is in accordance with Diagram Four in James Braid's volume, entitled ——"

"Oh, I didn't mean the silly way you were standing. I meant your tassels."

"Tassels."

"Yes, the tassels on your stockings. Wrong shade. They simply scream at your pullover."

I set my teeth grimly and swung again.

"Uncle," said Dorinda in interested tones, "has no one ever told you how like Mussolini you are?"

I completed my swing with great violence. The ball did not move. Dorinda gazed earnestly into the middle distance.

"The red flag still waves over the Kremlin," she observed.

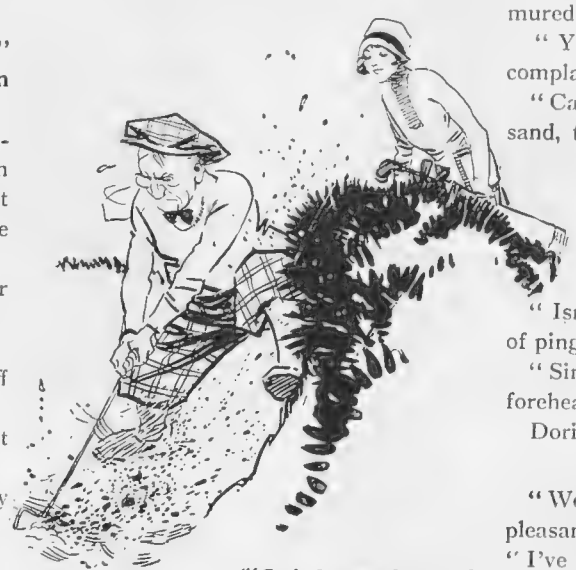
"It's your turn now," I said coldly. I could feel my ears becoming red.

"Is it? Have you done all you could?"

"No, but . . . Oh, come on. Feet well apart, don't press and keep your ——"

Dorinda raised her club nonchalantly and hit a superb drive, dead straight down the fairway.

"May I open my eyes now?" she asked humbly.



"'Can't I come down and play in the sand, too?'"

"You may," I snapped.

"I hope I haven't done anything terribly wrong," she apologised.

"Not at all. That was quite a good shot. Beginner's luck, you know."

"Of course, you aren't a beginner," she replied, as she watched my ball, which I had execrably sliced, roll off in a south-westerly direction.

"I suppose you're only allowed to use one club at once," she hazarded. "You might have done better with two."

"You'd better follow your ball," I said icily. "I'll join you in a minute."

To be exact, I joined her in five minutes. Why they want all those gorse bushes at the first hole I can't think. I shall complain to the committee about it.

"Can you remember the score?" asked Dorinda as I came up; "or shall I put it down in my little note-book?"

"I'm eleven," I responded stiffly, "and you're one."

"Only one?"

"Yes."

"Still, I'm only a beginner, you know. Perhaps in time I'll learn to score as fast as you. Which is my next club? This arsenal of weapons puzzles me. I'm told the new-rich have the same trouble with forks." I handed her a mashie. Dorinda glanced carelessly towards the green and smote. Her ball soared gracefully into the air and dropped within a foot of the pin.

"What did I do wrong then?" she asked. "You must correct my faults as I go along, you know."

I attempted the same stroke. The ball changed its mind in mid-air, touched the edge of the guardian bunker as it landed, and rolled gently down into the sandpit.

"I beg your pardon?" said Dorinda. "I didn't quite catch ——"

"Thank heaven for that," I murmured fervently.

"You're having all the fun," she complained some little time later.

"Can't I come down and play in the sand, too?"

I reached the green at last.

"You must have made quite a good score now," said Dorinda brightly.

"Twenty-one," I snapped.

"Isn't that game, or am I thinking of ping-pong? Tell me what I do now."

"Sink her," I breathed, wiping my forehead.

Dorinda sank her.

* * *

"Well, I've learnt golf," said Dorinda pleasantly, glancing at her wrist watch. "I've half an hour left. Do you know anything else?"

BY LEO CHENEY

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION

FATHER: "You don't seem to realise on which side your bread is buttered"
SON: "What does it matter? I eat both sides!"

BY MOORSOM

A GOOD MOVE

HER LADYSHIP: "Parker, I see that Mrs. Smyth-Jones has been here ten days. Kindly put two or three more Bradshaws in her bedroom"

Features of the Anglo-F

COMING TO GRIPS

A general view of the play during the recent International Rugger match between France and England at Twickenham. The game took place in glorious great a margin as three goals and a try (18 points) to a goal and a try (8 points). Some of the movements of the French outsides were very pretty to In the photograph Sellar, the English full-back, is seen grappling with an opponent

Photographs

THE ENGLISH XV

K. A. Sellar (United Services), full-back; W. J. Taylor (Blackheath), C. D. Aarvold (Cambridge University), J. V. Richardson (Birkenhead Park), and G. V. Palmer (Richmond), threequarter backs; H. C. C. Laird (Harlequins), and A. T. Young (Blackheath), half-backs; E. H. Sparkes (Plymouth Albion), J. S. Tucker (Bristol), J. Hanley (Plymouth Albion), K. J. Stark (Old Alleynians), F. P. Prentice (Leicester), E. Stanbury (Plymouth Albion), H. G. Periton (Waterloo), R. Cove-Smith (Old Merchant Taylors) (captain), forwards, and A. E. Freethy (referee)

French Match at Twickenham

ON THE TOUCH-LINE *The Times*

weather, which must have given added encouragement to England's opponents, who, on the run of the play, were distinctly unlucky to be defeated by so watch, and their last try, scored by the veteran Jaurreguy from a cut through by André Behotéguy, was one of the best tries ever scored at Twickenham on the touch-line. His Majesty the King watched the match from the Royal Box

THE FRENCH XV *Sport and General*

L. Pelissier (Racing Club de France), full-back; J. Jardel (Stade Bordelais), H. Behotéguy (Cognac), A. Behotéguy (Cognac), and A. Jaurreguy (Stade Français) (captain), threequarter backs; A. Verger (Paris) and E. Serin (Beziers), half-backs; A. Bioussa (Stade Toulousain), J. Piquiral (Racing Club de France), E. Ribere (U.S. Quillan), A. Camel (Stade Toulousain), J. Gallia (U.S. Quillan), J. Seyroux (Perpignan), R. Hauc (Toulon), and F. Camicas (Stade Tarbes), forwards

"Tips from women"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

Almost everything depends on your own mood when you go to a new revue at the Folies Bergère—I mean, in determining whether you will like it or not. It is like a night in Montmartre—if you go up the Hill merry you will come down merrier; but if you go up doleful, in the hope of being cheered up, hevving help you, for Montmartre cannot. When I went to the first night of the new Folies Bergère revue, *La Grande Folie*, I must have drunk red wine with the fish, and heavy Burgundy at that, for the show left me sluggish.

Now, everybody else says it was good. So I hasten to admit that it was I who was at fault. Also, there may be much of explanation in the fact that I was, perhaps, expecting too much, which, at any rate, is a really sincere compliment to the management. The past productions have led us to look for such wonders at the Folies Bergère that we are always somewhat inclined to anticipate the eclipsing of the marvellous and too dizzy a level of triumphs.

All things considered, I imagine that the *spectacles de féerie* really are more entrancingly beautiful than ever before, and I doubt if they could be excelled on any stage in the world. There is one in which an enchanted *château* materialises before your eyes for a setting to the story of the Sleeping Beauty, which is a masterpiece of the "transformation" art and leaves one marvelling at the talent of the *techniciens*. There is another entitled "Soap Bubbles" which is delightfully fascinating, iridescent "bubbles" floating up in scores from the back of the stage as Georgia Graves, like an airy sylph, dances most daintily with a giant "bubble" in front.

But the one I liked best of all is the reconstitution, in exaggerated proportions, of the dear old steam-organ of the fair grounds, which grinds out the old raucous tunes that used to sound so sweet to all the lads who had a whole half-crown in their pockets and full liberty to spend it as they liked—on the roundabouts or seeing Fat or bearded Ladies. The little mechanical figures in front, who beat time, strike the triangle or bang the big drum, while turning their heads jerkily, are in this case members of the cast, but they imitate the automaton of the real fair-organ with the precision of Balieff's Wooden Soldiers.

"With revolvers, knives, and other national weapons"

For my own modest part, I think the introduction of Randall in the Folies Bergère revue marks a pronounced improvement. Randall is probably the most efficient polyglot light comedian now operating on the European music-hall stage. Among the languages in which he can be funny are French as spoken by an Englishman or American and English as spoken by a Frenchman. And you need to possess a pretty good mastery of a language to be able to handle it flawlessly and humorously with an overriding "contrary" accent.

"The Dodge Twins"

Randall acts a naughty little *cinq à sept* sketch in which the "starved" wives in the five *boudoirs* are French, English, German, Spanish and Russian. Not only can he make love in the five languages, but he can also cope with the husbands who successively appear with revolvers, knives and other national weapons for "Eternal Triangle" situations. I envy him his capacity to mix his drinks, for he takes tea with the French girl, cocktails with the English, beer with the German, port with the Spanish, and vodka with the Russian. Perhaps after that fighting five husbands becomes a relief from the strain. The man who went round Europe learning the drink for the deed seems also to have had an enviable job.

WHAT I like, though, about Randall is that he is not so "incidental" as some of the recent Folies Bergère *vedettes*, who executed a couple of "turns" of their own with an air of detachment from the rest of the revue. Randall plays some part in trying to liven up the show as a whole, his illusionist introduction of the Dodge Twins, for example, being a very entertaining novelty. The Dodge Twins should satisfy what managers appear to think is the craving in Paris for "Seestaires" since the Dolly Sisters captivated the capital.

ONE begins to feel that these sister combinations bear not merely a likeness to one another, but too great a resemblance to all the other sisters, as the possibilities of synchronised stepping are rather limited; yet if it were only for one number, "The Birds' Nests," the Dodges would be worth the price of a *fauteuil*, one of the Twins contributing a whistling solo of bird notes that would win approving responses from the nightingales of Marnes-la-Coquette. I suppose, as so much had been said in advance about the greyhound racing on a moving track, that one ought to refer to it before concluding a notice of *La Grande Folie*, but, frankly, I found it disappointing.

ONE of our most alert municipal councillors is carrying the war among the *danseurs mondains*, who are not usually better dancers than the generality of professionals, but have a way with them that makes them attractive partners to the wealthy women who frequent the fashionable and costly *dancings*. He demands, as a first measure, that they shall be registered as what they are. I do not quite see what effect "registration" will have on them. Every Frenchman is ticketed and docketed in the *carton verts* of some dingy bureau or other, but no leather-seat functionary can remember where he filed the dockets at the moment when most wanted.

IN a recent divorce case the wife of one of them was brought to confess than her *danseur* husband had received nearly seven hundred thousand francs—that is, nearly six thousand pounds, in three years—all of it in tips from women who had sought his services as a dancing partner. And she had married him when he was earning, by work, about six francs a day! No wonder she felt aggrieved because he now wanted to divorce her, for she had placed no obstacles in the way to his success, pushing accommodation to the extent of agreeing that he need not come home on more than four nights a week. Even a callous *danseur mondain* would have difficulty in framing reproaches against a wife so free from jealousy as that, *n'est-ce pas?*

RENÉ.

"DOLLY" *A. Binder*

Otherwise known as Miss Hilde Zimmermann, the young and very popular character dancer, who is now delighting Berlin in the Haller Revue. She will tour Europe after her Berlin engagement

RACING AT GATWICK

The Gatwick Meeting was fortunate in its weather, although the heavy going made the course a severe test of stamina. A large attendance turned up on the second day to see the Trial Steeplechase, in which many of the leading Grand National entries took part. The first three places were taken by Amberwave, Lordi and Sans Peche

SOME OF THE FIELD IN THE NATIONAL TRIAL STEEPLE-CHASE

PRIORITY (No. 10) AND AMMONAL, THE WINNER AND SECOND IN THE ROSTRUM SELLING 'CHASE

TAKING A FENCE IN THE BOX HILL HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE

Photographs *Central News*

AT THE FIRST JUMP IN THE TANTIVY STEEPLECHASE, WON BY CASTLETOWN, WITH THE MILLER AND RED GAUNTLET SECOND AND THIRD

THIS HUSH-HUSH BUSINESS

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 5.

DEAR COUSIN,

NOT at all sure I really dare write you this week—'tany rate about anything that's ever really happened or happening or likely to happen. Because, I mean, seems so terribly wrong nowadays, or so we're being told, *and* dangerous, to go playing about with any mere *facts*. No, not on account of their being dull, as I grant you they quite often are, but 'cause someone somewhere somehow might find 'em awkward in some way or other. *E.g.* and *par exemple*, there's this B.B.C. business for one—mustn't say a word over the wireless, none of the lecturers or entertainers, or whatever they call them, mustn't, that's in the very least controversial, whatever that may mean. What *is* controversial, though, I'd like to know, or rather, p'raps, what isn't?

"Official short skirt ban in Germany"

MUST say methinks if there isn't an argument around in the offing somewhere can't see any sort of talks being particularly exciting, can you? or even interesting—which is what one generally calls things if there isn't very much to be said for them, but you don't want to be too unkind. Like, f'rinstance, those illuminating (another good word, what?) addresses on same aforesaid wireless by Prof. Dogsbody on the habits of the Kamschatkaus or Dr. Godelpus on the ancient civilisation of the pre-Noah Pragmatists, not to mention Mr. Ferdinand Fusspot, A.R.C.M., on the comparative beauties of counterpoint and harmony or words to that effect, or Herr Emil Wurstwangler on what Bismarck liked for breakfast . . . one of those old hundred-years-ago Huns, you know, that I doubt if anyone's really thrilled to the "core" about, though he did apparently invent a rather good herring.

AND then there's all this film business. Just think of what we should have thought of it only ten years ago, what? Picture of Edith Cavell's shooting done by a perfectly good English film firm run by Mr. Herbert Wilcox, who's as respectable as they make 'em, I gather, and no Americano stunt-merchant, not on your life. The Germans (naturally) don't like it being shown, and have the jolly old nerve to say so to our Foreign Sec., and—well, of course, with some still surviving memories of

"—as if anyone ever would or could forget the War"

1914 to 1918, you'd say he'd have said . . . But no, you're quite wrong. Sir Austen didn't, s'far as I can discover, diplomatically inquire if there was anything technically or historically wrong in said film, in which case we should be glad to have first-hand information on same and put it right. Which would, meseems, have been p'raps a rather useful and distinctly kindly gesture. Oh, no, dear cousin, in reply to said appeal Sir A. burst into bitter tears at the mere thought that there should be any enmity between nations, and promptly scrapped the horrid film that recalled those dreadful days.

THUS, as someone remarked at dinner the other night (a private dinner where "controversial" topics didn't happen to be barred), recalling the simple though not always effective tactics of the ostrich—as if anyone ever would or could forget the War, though, of course, the politicians (not all of whom were in it) would like to. Must say I rather believe in remembering the War just so's it shan't happen again. . . . But *en avant*, and don't let's get too cross about these (please may I say it?) somewhat inhuman theorists who don't in the end so very much really matter

The flower of Harley Street say we're going to die

Truly important thing about life at this present and rather delightful instant being that there's a sort of Springish feeling here in London now, and that (with accompanying trimmings) is all that really matters.

卐

THERE'S Spring shopping for one thing; and, oh, what a joy. Sun having been seen several times already and shown us how positively hopeless any of last year's frocks are, becomes absolutely a bounden duty, as they say, doesn't it, to replenish vernal trousseaux, to the very best of our ability and means, what, what? Simply wouldn't be fair to our companions or escorts, would it, to venture forth to lunch at the Ritz, or perchance Claridge's, or peradventure the Savoy, in anything but the very latest of the world's efforts? Which, by the way, are still to be slimmish in the matter of outline, spite of what the doctors say. Simply risking death, so the flower of Harley Street declares we are, by the starving system that's been so modish lately, and it's a horrible menace to health to cultivate the figure of the moment. But I wonder . . .

"The Germans (naturally) don't like it"

JUST been reading, for example, rather a nice new book by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross—you know, the woman who did the immortal "Irish R.M." hundreds of years ago—called "French Leave." Date 1884 the story is, and this is what the twenty-year-old heroine wears :—

> On Patricia's head was what Fashion at that period was accustomed to call a sailor hat (though why thus named was known to none, least of all to sailors). She wore a blue-and-white linen shirt with a starched stand-up collar and a black tie. Her skirt reached to her slender ankles; its waist measurement was at the most twenty inches.

And yet they seemed to go on living quite fairly actively, those ancestors of ours, and even enjoyed 'emselves in their own way, though what horrid frights they must have looked. Official short skirt ban there's just been made in Germany, by the way, and no one to wear any frock that's less than eight inches below the knee—well, well!!!

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THE NEW LAWS By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE much-heralded new laws of Auction Bridge are now published by Messrs. Thomas De La Rue. They came into force on March 1, and every player should take pains to make himself acquainted with them.

Anyone who expected drastic or sensational changes is doomed to disappointment. The captious critic seeing the result might be disposed to remark, "Why all this fuss?" and "Was it worth revising them at all?"

But the point to notice is that this 1928 code is the first attempt to treat Auction Bridge as a new game. The former laws in their various revisions were merely patchwork, from the old days of Whist. Now we have an absolutely brand new code rearranged, rephrased, and redrafted, with a most valuable alphabetical index which facilitates ready reference.

There are 66 laws, as against 100 in the code of 1924. But although this may look as if the laws have been shortened, it is really the other way about, as most of the new laws have long and elaborate sections and subsections attached, and there is more matter for the player to master.

I do not want to be critical about them, because I recognise the fundamental work that has been put in, but I am inclined to think that the new code is somewhat lacking in simplicity, and it will be interesting to see if the Portland Club receives more or less inquiries as to their interpretation than before.

. . . . . .

Now as to the changes. Note Law 2, which states that candidates who have not yet played have precedence over those who have played in regard to membership of a table. In Law 7 a new term is introduced, viz., "drawing" for partners, instead of "cutting" for partners. It is laid down that a shuffled pack must be spread upon the table, from which each player draws a card. But no card must be exposed until all players have drawn. This is a new and salutary rule designed to frustrate players who try to draw a particular partner by the process known as cutting high or low.

Law 9 deals with a question often asked. When the pack is cut for deal the two portions are to be replaced by the dealer, not by the cutter.

Chicane is abolished under Law 22, and I think this is a wise move. Law 33 is important. It concerns a pass out of turn, which under the new code is void. The call reverts to the player whose proper turn it was, and the offender must pass when it is his turn to bid, but he may come in on subsequent rounds if there are any.

In the case of a bid out of turn the right under Law 34 to leave the decision to a partner is done away. The player on the offender's left may either demand a new deal or he can allow the bid to stand.

. . . . . .

Illegal bids are more fully defined in Law 36, and Law 41 gives what I consider the just right of allowing fourth hand to play to a trick before his partner if the Declarer plays from his own or Dummy before second hand has played to the trick. This ought to do away with a very bad habit of numerous players.

Law 43 deals with one player playing with a card short. Under the old law a player was responsible for any revoke or revokes he might have made. But he is now relieved from this liability if it can be proved that the card was never dealt to him.

In the case of two cards played at once to a trick under Law 44, Section 4 (*a*), the player must now state which he meant to play. The card he indicates is played and the other card remains exposed.

When the Declarer claims the rest of the tricks under Law 51, not only may he not finesse, but he must state explicitly how he proposed to play the rest of the hand.

. . . . . .

The revoke penalty has been altered. Under new Law 53 the Declarer can take only two tricks instead of three as formerly.

THE INTER-COLLEGE ATHLETICS FINALS

at

Oxford and Cambridge

Central News

E. R. SMOUHA (Magdalene, Cambridge) tying first in the High Jump, Division 2.

Alfieri

J. N. PUMPHREY (New College, Oxford)
Winning the Mile, Division 2

Central News

J. C. THORNTON (Corpus, Cambridge)
Winning the Half Mile, Division 2

Central Press

A. C. L. WILLS (Pembroke, Cambridge)
Winning the Mile, Division 1

Photopress

R. L. HOWLAND (St. John's, Cambridge)
Winning the Putting the Weight, Division 1

Topical

W. G. KALAUGHER (Balliol, Oxford, second from right)
Winning the High Hurdles, Division 1

L.N.A.

H. M. O'CONNOR (Trinity, Oxford)
Winning the Mile, Division 1

A page of winners in their respective divisions in the Inter-College Athletics finals at Oxford and Cambridge. Balliol came top of the First Division at Oxford, with Trinity second, and New College headed Division 2, with Pembroke the runners-up. At Cambridge, Pembroke beat St. John's in Division 1, and Magdalene defeated Corpus Christi in Division 2

VARSITY NOTES

By J. P. Doncaster

"Fellows' feasts of the most ample description"

CAMBRIDGE

I ENTIRELY forgot last week to comment on the number of Shrove Tuesday feasts we had in Cambridge. Numbers of colleges turned the poor, innocent undergraduates out of their Halls to leave room for Fellows' feasts of the most ample description. I was in one college late in the evening, and found several senior members of the University roaming the courts and showing signs of quite unacademic excitement. I looked on with pleasure and delight. Even the don, you know, must have his day.

The principal event last week was the University Sports, and there was keen competition all through. We have plenty of good material, but fewer really outstanding athletes than in recent years. Pembroke won the final round in the First Division, and with it the Rouse Ball Cup, of which they were the holders, by proving victorious over St. John's by 62½ points to 47½. The most notable event in the final was the weight-putting of R. L. Howland, of St. John's, who beat his own ground record at Fenner's with a magnificent put of 44ft. 10in. In the final of the Second Division Magdalene defeated Corpus Christi by 56 points to 54 after an exciting tussle.

I went over to Oxford the other day, and they told me that their Vice-Chancellor has only now allowed undergraduate flying in the University Air Squadron. Late again, I see, Mr. Jingo! *Our* Air Squadron has been allowed to do its own flying from the start. But, then, I suppose an Oxford undergraduate is a very valuable thing.

The Cambridge Air Squadron, incidentally, is in great form, and I am told that there is a great deal of competition to get in. The Squadron started off well two years ago with Sir Hugh Trenchard's meeting in the Union, and its work among us proceeded so lavishly that it got a mention in a report of an Economy Commission. But in spite of politicians, it is still in great form.

I learn from my morning paper that the L.N.E.R. are buying several new trains in order to improve their East Anglian services. I am delighted. I knew that my comments on Cambridge trains would have effect, but I wasn't certain whether the manager of the L.N.E.R. read his Bystander. His prompt reply to my request is a splendid example of courtesy and service, and of the nation-wide influence of the Bystander for the public good.

Rab.

By Jock

A TEE TIME STUDY

L. Evelyn-Jones cutting an immaculate figure on the tee. He is a member of the Cambridge Golf Team

OXFORD

I HOPE that during the past week you have remembered to refer to Torpids as Toggers. If not, make a note of it now. It is an essential part of a Bystander's vocabulary, and one of the few parts of a rowing man's that can safely be repeated in those best circles in which all Bystanders move. Actually, of course, Toggers week is the concern rather of by-runners than of bystanders. But any form of spectator has his uses, even down to those who only sit and wait. And with most colleges there is something to wait for—namely, a bump supper at the end of the week. At the time of writing we have not yet reached this stage. The races are still there to give us an excuse for firing pistols and practising diction through a megaphone. And who can say that we don't take advantage of it? Balliol has taken advantage of something or other to go head of the river instead of Merton. This position was obtained at the cost of a wetting, for at the moment of impact both Merton and Balliol swamped heroically.

Stoke Poges has disposed of us at golf, but they were reinforced by Oppenheimer and Bradshaw, who usually play top of the Oxford side. We had six of the team, however, who will take the field against Cambridge, and of these it was only Adams who succeeded in winning a single. Meanwhile the Varsity Eight is gone from our midst.

There is a rare entertainment at the New Theatre this week—*The Flying Squad*—by a man called Edgar Wallace and played by Peggy O'Neill. As you will shortly be seeing this in London I will spoil nothing of the plot for you, and will leave you to guess the solution just as mistakenly as the rest of us. The Union has gone in for mystery also, and lately proceeded to discuss the need for separate parliaments in Wales and Scotland. But Edgar Wallace could still teach them a thing or two. Just as we taught Merchant Taylors' a thing or two at Fives.

Jingo.

HERE'S TO TO-DAY—AND WHEN NEXT WE MEET!

G.P.U.

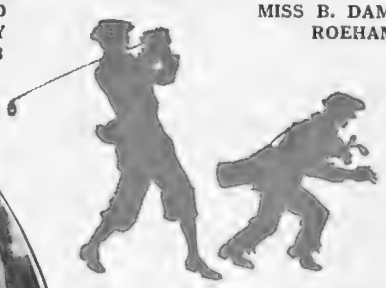
MRS. BATTERSBY AND W. B. SMITH, OF HADLEY WOOD, WINNERS IN 1923

G.P.U.

MISS B. DAMPNEY AND GEORGE GADD, OF ROEHAMPTON, THE 1924 WINNERS

OUR TROPHY

Past Winners of the Trophy and peting to-day (Wednesday) for Trophy on the St. George's Hill entry of 57 clubs, represented member, and with many of the playing, an excellent



Sport and General

MRS. GARON (Scratch)

Who represents Camberley Heath and is partnered by T. Mounce

Sport and General

MISS NANCY PEET (9)

Of Verulam, will be partnered by C. Wallis

Sport and General

MRS. GOLD (1)

With H. Roberts, represents Stoke Poges

Topical

LAST YEAR'S

Abe Mitchell and Miss the Trophy to Verulam

G.P.U.

MISS J. STOCKER AND E. RAY, OF OXHEY, WHO WON IN 1925

G.P.U.

H. C. JOLLY AND MRS. HURST, OF FOXGROVE, WINNERS IN 1926

COMPETITION

some of the players who are com- "The Bystander" £500 Golf Course at Weybridge. With an by the professional and a lady leading golf players of the day day's golf is assured

Sport and General

MISS AUDREY CROFT (3)

Representing Ashford Manor, is partnered by H. G. Twine

Alfieri

MRS. E. POULTON (8)

Represents Sonning with A. J. Young

Topical

WINNERS

M. Horsfield (6) who took at the 1927 Competition

Sport and General

MRS. T. S. BAKER (4)

Of West Byfleet, is partnered by F. Hedges

A Special Article, Photographs, and Caricatures of the Competition will appear in our next issue

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

Bad Luck

MR. HARRY BROWN, on whose gallops at Atherstone the Prince of Wales has lately been schooling several of his steeplechase horses, seems to have no luck in his efforts to get on to a winner of the Grand National. He was extremely hopeful of his chance this time on White Park, and it was wretchedly bad luck for everybody concerned when that horse had to be destroyed after meeting with an accident in the Four Mile Steeplechase at Manchester last week. I was among those who regarded this horse's prospects in the big steeplechase with considerable respect. Nobody could fail to be greatly impressed with his remarkable exhibition last year, when after coming down through no fault of his own in the first circuit of the course he was remounted and finished very strongly. It is no use now to grieve over what might have been. All that remains is to sympathise most sincerely with Major J. T. North and Mr. Frank Brown in the loss of their gallant 'chaser, and to hope that Mr. Harry Brown will find something almost as good to ride on the last Friday of the month.

National Trials

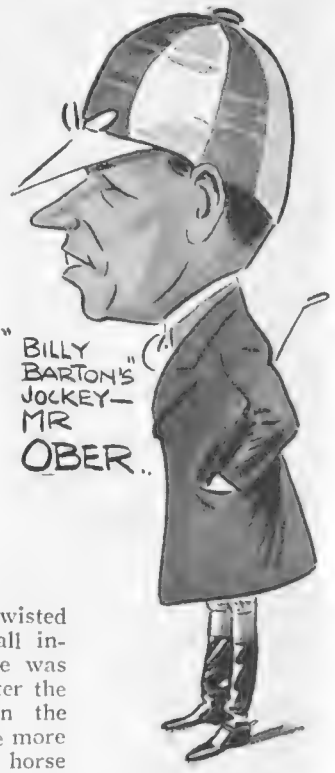
WE have now got into the best part of the steeplechasing season, and public trials for the Grand National are being run almost every day. Public interest in the premier steeplechase completely dwarfs that which is felt in the Lincolnshire Handicap, though I suppose the latter race will become the subject of more general discussion in racing circles as we draw nearer to the opening of the campaign on the flat. Among "National" horses none has come better out of the various tests which have been applied so far than Amberwave. There was absolutely no fault of any kind to be found with his recent exhibition at Gatwick. He won with consummate ease, and I expect the result would have been the same if he had been carrying 12 st. No wonder that Lady Helen McCalmont is now beginning to see visions of the Grand National coming her way. She had very similar visions at this time last year, but Amberwave was a big disappointment at Cheltenham after winning the corresponding race at Gatwick.

Amberwave's Chance

THE point to be considered is whether he is likely to do better in the Grand National than he did last season. Mr. J. O'Brien, who has ridden this brilliant 'chaser throughout his career, is under the impression that Amberwave might have won but for back luck last March, for the horse was certainly going extremely well at the time he was carried out of the course. Added to this, it is established that Amberwave is a great stayer, so I do not think he would have been lacking in finishing powers had he been alongside Sprig, Bovril III, and Bright's Boy when they jumped the last fence practically together. In the interval Amberwave has become more accustomed to the English fences after his long spell over the Irish banks, and I know Bob Gore, his trainer, believes he is a more dependable jumper than he was at this time last year. Although he may not be my final selection for the Grand National, I know I shall be very much afraid that the horse of my choice will have considerable difficulty in beating Amberwave.

Hope of the North

THE great North Country hope in the Grand National is Trump Card, and faith in his prospects of success at Liverpool is not likely to decline as a result of his performance in the Grand Allies' Steeplechase at Manchester last week. It is true that he did not beat May King in runaway fashion, and he will have to concede a bit more weight to Lord Ednam's horse when they meet again at Aintree. At the same time it has to be borne in mind that Trump Card ran for a considerable distance at Manchester with a twisted plate. Fortunately for all interested in the horse, he was not found to be lame after the race. No competitor in the Grand National will come more up to the ideal Liverpool horse in appearance than Trump Card does. He has all the size and power which we associate with jumpers who prevail over the Liverpool country.



At Cheltenham

BEFORE the next issue of THE BYSTANDER reaches its readers a start will have been made with the great National Hunt festival at Cheltenham. The Gold Cup is likely to be won by that smart young horse **Patron Saint**, while I expect Mr. Frank Barbour will saddle the winner of the Grand Annual Steeplechase in **Coolcommon.**

A Reliable Firm

The new rules which have been introduced in recent years by Messrs. Douglas Stuart have been greatly appreciated by backers. This famous firm of commission agents propose retaining their conditions in 1928, and that their large clientele are satisfied is evidenced by the fact that we have never known any complaints to be made.

Backed by the best known critics of the day

SINGER

SENIOR SALOON

Read what they say—

"Illustrated London News."

"There are three features which seem to me outstanding . . . the price, the excellence of the four wheel brakes; and the smooth running of the engine . . . the body is altogether one of the best pieces of moderate priced coachwork I have seen for a long time."

"Daily Chronicle."

"In addition to its intrinsic merits as a car, it ranks as one of the most daintily finished interiors . . . wonderfully equipped and finished for £250."

"The Autocar."

"The Singer Senior Saloon has a very striking appearance, the body is very imposing in appearance and has nicely rounded lines."

"Sunday Pictorial."

"You can pay more than twice as much for saloons that are crude in some respects compared with this."

"The Motor."

"It is almost impossible to point to any features that could be materially improved . . . main road hills can be climbed very largely on top gear . . . the suspension is exceptionally good . . . no sign of drumming or vibration at any speed . . . capable of a splendid all round performance."

"The Auto."

"Just about the last word in value propositions. It is perfectly wonderful. I do not know, or have not tried, any car of comparable price and performance, which is either so well equipped or so nicely finished."

"The Sphere."

"The public will not be slow to appreciate that Britain can offer just as good value if not better than other nations."

"Sporting Life."

"The Singer 'Senior' is the most perfect car of its class that I have yet been privileged to drive. The engine is extremely lively and flexible and sweet running at all speeds; the suspension is above reproach and the braking is quite the finest I know for so light a car."

"The Tatler."

"Considering its price it is really beautifully turned out, and the detail finish is really very good indeed. It is very pleasantly free from fuss at all speeds, and I am not in the least surprised that it is well up amongst the six 'best-sellers' in the British market to-day. This is exactly what it deserves to be."

"Daily Mirror."

"I was decidedly impressed with the performance of the car . . . gear changing is easy . . . the body is particularly comfortable and roomy."

"The Graphic."

"Remarkable value . . . you could hardly find a more ideal car at its price. An extremely well built, handsome saloon with every conceivable gadget . . . altogether I cannot find a fault in the car."

"Universe."

"I do no more than write the simple unvarnished truth, when I express the opinion that this Singer must unquestionably rank as a criterion of British value for money. Whilst the performance of the car is remarkable, its comfort and equipment are equally notable."

"Daily Telegraph."

"When it is considered that this comfortable and well ventilated saloon costs only £250 complete, one realises what good value motorists are given to-day."

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complete

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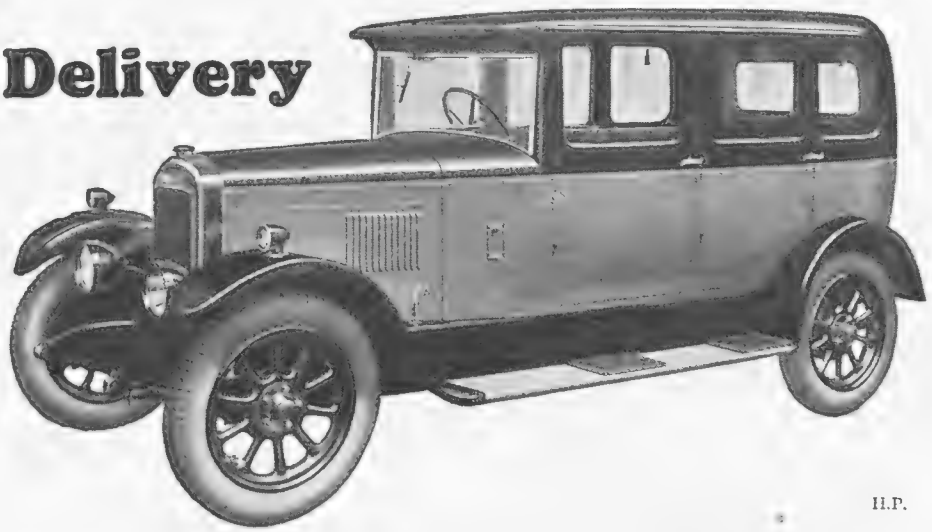

H.P.

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE sunny weather continues along the coast, to the satisfaction of our visitors, who are now more numerous than at any time during the winter. At nearly every leading hotel, and most of the smaller ones, it is extremely difficult to secure any rooms at all. The Bristol at Beaulieu had a wonderful week for its international tennis tournament, winding up with a very brilliant and enjoyable gala dinner which taxed even the resources of that fine hotel to the utmost, so popular was the event. Tennis interests are now transferred to the new La Festa courts at Monte Carlo, which were officially opened by the Duke of Connaught, who threw balls into the various courts for a series of exhibition matches to commence with, and there will certainly be large crowds to watch the play at this most luxurious of tennis clubs. The entries for the Butler Trophy at the tournament are more remarkable than ever before, as they include players from England, France, Italy, the U.S.A., Germany, Austria, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, Sweden, Poland, Roumania, Russia, Switzerland, Chili, and Japan, a truly international affair.

ON the subject of international affairs, among our interesting visitors is Herr Stresemann, who is enjoying a restful holiday at Cap Martin, closely watched by a number of newspaper men, who seem to hope that he may sooner or later make some important political pronouncement or indulge in semi-secret interviews with other foreign statesmen, and thus provide startling copy for the Press. He has met M. Titulesco without having given any great secrets away, and much speculation is now going on as to the reasons for the sudden appearance of Prince Carol of Roumania in the district—a young man whose movements are generally surrounded by a certain atmosphere of mystery which the Riviera crowd dearly loves. We have another statesman from Central Europe here, M. Frederick de Scitowsky, formerly Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is staying in Cannes with Mme. de Scitowsky. Prince and Princess Ri of Japan, the former a cousin of the Emperor, have arrived at the Hôtel du Parc at Cannes with a picturesque suite. One could continue indefinitely this cosmopolitan record of visitors.

Sport and General

AT LA FESTA

The Duke of Connaught photographed with the King of Sweden at the opening by the Duke of the Lawn Tennis Courts at La Festa. The King of Sweden is a well-known figure at Riviera tournaments

THE farewell party given at Monte Carlo by Mr. Guy Weir Hogg, who is retiring, amid the regrets of the English colony, from the post of British Vice-Consul, was a very notable event which merits recording. It consisted of a theatrical programme in the theatre of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, and over two hundred guests spent a most enjoyable afternoon. The programme comprised a play of mediæval Italy, "Borgia," by Claude Radcliffe; a dramatic little play by Mr. John Fortescue—who took part in it—entitled "The Ruling Vice," dealing with a gambling episode at Monte Carlo; a comedy duologue by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, "Confessions," and some charming and very effective recitations in costume, both in English and French, by Miss Sybil Ruskin.

Topical

ROYAL SPECTATORS

The King and Queen of Denmark, who have been enjoying the southern sunshine of the Côte d'Azur. They are seen watching the Polo for the Riviera Cup at Mandelieu

CANNES is just now regarding with special interest two sporting events. The first is the ride on horseback from Paris to Cannes which is being undertaken by five young lady equestriennes—I have just heard that one has already abandoned the task—and the other is the inauguration of a daily air service from London to Cannes, which started on March 1. This is a bold experiment which deserves to succeed, and it is being supported in practical fashion by the directors of the Municipal Casino. The journey is to be made in land machines from Croydon to Marseilles, with a short pause at Le Bourget for breakfast, which will doubtless be welcome, as the start from Croydon is timed for 7 a.m., and at Marseilles the passengers and freight will be transhipped into a seaplane, which will continue the journey along the Riviera, landing at 5 o'clock in front of the Cannes Casino. A special welcome is being arranged for the first day's passengers from the north, and the prospect of being able to read one's London morning paper the same evening on the Riviera, which has never been done before, is naturally arousing keen interest among residents and visitors. One of our leading pioneers in British aviation, though not perhaps the best known as far as the general public is concerned, is Sir Francis McClean, who has arrived at the California Palace Hotel with Lady McClean for a short holiday, and he will be among those present to welcome the first machine.

THE KING OF DENMARK has taken up yachting with great enthusiasm, and has been sailing in races practically every day this past week. The King of Sweden drove over from Nice to call on him a few days ago; and in the afternoon he called on the Duke of Connaught at the Villa Les Bruyères. Prince William of Sweden has moved to the quaint little town of Vence, up among the hills behind Nice and Cannes, where he has taken a small villa in which to carry on his literary work.

Rather "Dare"-ing

Stage Photo Co.

Bobby Howes finds a certain amount of embarrassment in talking to the modern girl, as represented by Phyllis Dare. These two clever people are the stars in "The Yellow Mask," the musical thriller at the Carlton, into which Mr. Edgar Wallace seems to have put a little of everything out of his inexhaustible box of tricks

Lenare

MISS GAYNOR GILDEA

Who has become engaged to Mr. Francis H. M. Lloyd, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Capt. M. B. Lloyd, R.A. She is the only child of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Arthur Gildea

Lafayette

MISS VIOLET WELSH

Whose engagement to Mr. Rodney N. Laing, son of Mr. Frederick Laing, K.C., has been announced. She is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Welsh, of Felton, Northumberland

Lenare

MISS DULCIE ROBERTS

The younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Roberts. She is engaged to Mr. Richard Robertson Pennington, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pennington, of Latrigg, Windermere

FEMINA

VICARIOUS PLEASURES

By "CANDIDA"

SOMETIMES, when, for instance, I hear Mr. St. John Ervine lecture on the iniquities of theatre audiences, I wonder how we manage to survive—artistically, I mean. I heard him on his favourite subject a few days ago, and am still trying to patch up the rags and tatters of my usual optimism. That's the worst of attending lectures. One goes in the vague hope of self-improvement without tears. But when all's said and done is there very much return for one's time and attention? Hardly. This, of course, is not the lecturer's fault. He does his best. Why go? you ask. I go because, next to the fun of airing one's opinions unopposed, there's nothing like hearing someone else on the warpath.

I WOULD forgive anyone anything for the sake of brilliance. It's a hard, an unkind virtue. It shines at the expense of lesser lights. It's seldom charitable, never constructive, but what a feat to coax the blankness out of a sea of audience faces! I've seen it done. I saw it happen the other day. Of all the bombshells that were hurled the one that disturbed me most was this one: Women, it was calmly announced, go to the play chiefly for the fun of seeing smart people on the stage wear smart clothes, and the smart ones aforesaid are therefore condemned to change as often as possible so that the audience, who can't afford creations, can get a sort of vicarious enjoyment out of seeing them worn by those who can. Plays, I take it, which aren't bolstered up by the right Paris models for morning, evening, noon and night (especially night) simply don't go down.

THAT clothes count enormously on the stage no one dreams of denying. Take Shakespeare. Lots of us would rather go to ten gruesome crook plays with stupid murders and violence every few minutes than sit through one evening of immortal drama. But one goes to the Court all the same just to see what it feels like to watch Lady Macbeth in a flaming red wisp fit for a night at the Embassy and hear her declaim—well, you know the sort of things she says in that scene. Doesn't this modern dress stunt bring Shakespeare to the man in the street, or is it a clever attempt to bring the man in the street to Shakespeare? Man did I say? I should have said woman. The proportion of women to men in every audience is about ten to one, or thereabouts.

THE theatre may be a clothes show, by the way, but that it aims at more is proved by the fact that lots of other inducements are thrown in with the clothes. There's acting now and then, and a thrill or two, and sometimes even a plot. If clothes were the only, or let's say the greatest, attraction, would one pay so highly to see four actresses in about three dresses apiece, that is, in twelve frocks, when at a dress show one can see about a hundred and twelve undiluted by waits, thrills and plots, and all for nothing? Of course not. And as for this business of taking one's pleasures vicariously—well, it's easy enough to be superior at the expense of the poor creatures who can't afford things and still want to enjoy life, especially when one can enjoy it without taking pains and can afford them. Other people's pleasures aren't things one can reason about. You and I like our pleasures cultured. But if others get their enjoyment out of seeing or reading about horrors which you and I consider best unseen and unread—it's their business.

IN this matter of taking one's pleasures vicariously women are worse offenders than men. Can you wonder at it? For years, no, for centuries, the so-called nice ones had no particular adventures, and all the fun they got out of life was in watching the splendid times of less deserving people. "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" but mental habits stick a long time after facts have altered. Instead of playing the game one chooses to look on because one hates the risk, or hasn't the temperament, or, as happens so often, one lacks the money.

WITHOUT being too pernickety about it, isn't most of life just a question of looking on? One looks on at art, when one wasn't born oneself in Arcady. One looks on at love, except for a few hectic years. One looks on at the way other people break commandments and thanks God—in the usual way. Or one doesn't, like the young woman in the story who had to fill in a particularly obnoxious form. "Have you ever," it said, "committed any excesses?" "Alas, no!" was her reply.

Enjoy the open air

POND'S WILL PROTECT YOUR BEAUTY

A touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face, neck and hands before you go out and on other convenient occasions during the day will prevent roughness, redness, and all other blemishes caused by exposure to wind, dust and rain. Exquisitely scented with Jacqueminot roses, it gives the skin a lovely velvety surface and forms an ideal base for powder.

After any long exposure—a round of golf, a game of hockey, a motor drive—give your skin a thorough deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It will bring out all the impurities from the pores and tissues below the surface and leave the skin clean, clear and rejuvenated. Soap and water often irritate—Pond's Cold Cream soothes and refreshes. After a few moments remove cream and impurities together with a soft cloth and (except after the bedtime cleansing) finish off with *Pond's Vanishing Cream.* ***Always*** cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream before you retire to rest at night.

"To Soothe and Smooth your Skin"

From all Chemists and Stores, in handsome opal jars, 1/3 *and* 2/6. *In tubes,* 6d. *(for handbag) and* 1/-. *Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars,* 5/-; *and in extra large tubes,* 2/6.

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Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 19, 103, St. John St., E.C.1, will send on receipt of 2d. in stamps for postage and packing a sample tube of both Creams.

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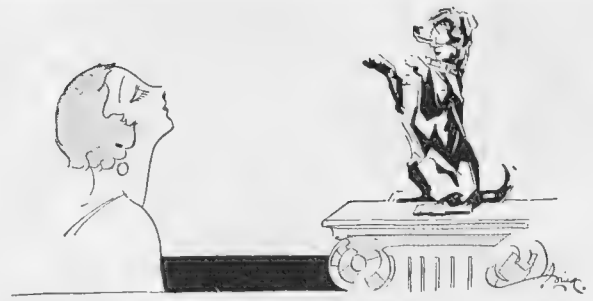


ONCE CAUGHT NEVER CURED

THE UNFAILING FANCY

By "THE KENNELMAN"

APART from a long list of smaller exhibitions, this month will see the staging of such important provincial Dog Shows as that of the Irish Kennel Club at Dublin on the 17th, Bristol the 22nd, and Manchester on the 28th and 29th. Touching recent comment on how to make profitable use of Shows, "A Doggy Bystander" in St. Jean-de-Luz writes:—

"I was delighted to read your practical hints to Dog-lovers on what they may gain from Shows, apart from study of the exhibits themselves: the invaluable tips about feeding, conditioning, and the like. There are other aspects, too, that have always interested me hugely; and one of them is the evidence one gets at Shows of the *never-failing* fascination of Dog-fancying. Once caught, never cured. I know of no other hobby equal to it in this respect; its votaries simply never tire or give it up. Old stagers like myself constantly meet at these Shows folk they used to look for in the judging rings and beside the benches, ten, twenty, thirty years ago. The novices have become veterans, the beginners have sometimes blossomed out as judges; some have enlarged their fields to take in two or three other varieties, but rarely do they forsake the breed that first enchained them, and never, never, never, apparently, do they cease to be Dog fanciers. And with what admirable results! Nine times out of ten they remain healthy, cheery, outdoorish, instead of laying on restaurant fat and declining into querulous lizardry. It's a specific cure for creeping middle-age. Monkey-glands aren't in it, by comparison. Women, in particular, get extraordinary rejuvenation by 'going in for' Dogs, partly because it often means a move countrywards. And once caught, never cured!"

The Duke of Portland calls upon all who care for the welfare of Dogs to put up the remaining £4,000 required to complete the Distemper Research Fund—"Field" Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4—to which the Kennel Club has already contributed over £500. The Technical Committee is now within sight of success in the evolution of an effective vaccine for general use; and it would be a thousand pities if this should be delayed by lack of money.

The year is yet young, but a reader in Somerset (who claims that the Insurance companies ought to be substantial contributors to the Distemper Research Fund, the Veterinary College Rebuilding Fund, and all good doggy causes) has already a record of fourteen serious fires since January 1, of which Dogs have given the first warning, and probably saved human life. Many cases are never recorded.

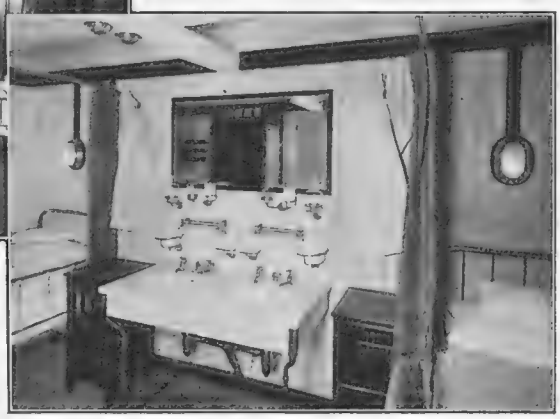
There's an opening in British Dogdom for an Official Recorder, who should produce a sort of doggy Annual Register, setting forth authenticated cases for the year in which Dogs have saved lives, human and animal, given timely warnings of fire, prevented burglaries, and otherwise served the community. Some of their sheep-saving achievements during recent floods have been truly remarkable. There should be a standing record of such things, for there's a big public that doesn't learn, or speedily forgets, about our material debts to the Dogs. "Can they think?" writes a Conway Valley farmer, satirically. "I often wish I could find workmen who'd think and act to such good purpose. Why, they never stop thinking, except when they're asleep, and even then a lamb's bleat a mile off will start 'em going again!" And so, says one: "The more I see of men, the more I think of Dogs."

M'Y "STELLA POLARIS"

(6,000 tons)

The largest vessel specially built for pleasure cruising.

Bedroom with Private Bathroom on C Deck



Double-bedded Room No. 121 on D Deck. The furniture includes two wardrobes.

THE "Stella Polaris" is the largest vessel specially built for pleasure cruising, and at every port possessing a quay she berths at the quay—this is a great advantage, obviating, as it does, disembarking and embarking by means of boats between ship and shore. Judged merely by size, the "Stella Polaris" could have found place for a larger number of people than the two hundred passengers for which she provides. But it was decided to limit the number. This small fellowship of passengers provide that shore excursions will be uncrowded, agreeable and easeful. There are four cabins-de-luxe, each with sitting-room, double bedroom, large bathroom and lavatory. Each sitting-room contains a couple of tables, a sofa, and deep, cosy chairs. The suites-de-luxe are panelled in a beautiful hardwood.

The rooms are furnished with bedsteads. There are no upper berths. Each passenger has a wardrobe and separate washstand. There are no less than twelve special double state-bedrooms, each with large private bath and lavatory. There are 51 single bedrooms, several of which can be arranged to intercommunicate. The double rooms number 78 and are exceptionally spacious, each fitted with hot and cold water. The detailed appointments, the thoughtful touches of charm and comfort—that "little more and how much it is"—combine to make travel easeful and exquisite. The rooms also contain reading lamps, cosy chairs, large mirrors. There are 35 bathrooms in all.

The "Stella Polaris" cruises begin and end at Monaco. This saves the time attaching to the long sea journey from England to Gibraltar, and fills the programme of the cruise with a larger number of places of historic interest and loveliness.

Starting on April 7th, the "Stella Polaris" will operate a 26-day cruise to Palestine and Egypt, visiting the following:—

Monaco, Malta, Candia, Santorini, Sikinos, Nio, Naxos, Paros, Syra, Mykonos, Steno Strait, Dardanelles, Constantinople, Athens, Corfu, Venice, Ragusa, Cattaro, Catania, Messina, Stromboli, Naples, Monaco.

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The Six that was *born* a Six

THE Wolseley Silent Six was *born* a "Six"—endowed from birth with a power unit in absolute harmony with the transmission and chassis construction. *Designed* and built in a factory where "Sixes" have been continuously made since 1907, it is no hybrid. All these 21 years of experience, with their accumulated data; all the knowledge of manufacturing methods which this experience has acquired, enter into the production of this fine Car. It is the perfected product of forethought.

WOLSELEY

TOURING CAR £450 **SALOON £495**

"The Silent Six"

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM

"A History of Ski-ing"

By ARNOLD LUNN

Reviewed by A. A. THOMSON

THERE is no goddess but Ondurr-diss, goddess of ski, and Lunn is her prophet. This volume* is not so much a monumental work as a mountainous one.

The sport is traced from its earliest beginnings. While no reference (it must be regretfully admitted) is made to the first tentative Telemarks of Shem, Ham and Japhet down the lone-tree slopes of Ararat, all the other pioneers are there; the gliding Finns mentioned by Procopius, the hardy Norsemen of the sagas, who deemed ski-running as the mark of a proper man, the stout peasants of Krain and the Cumberland miners who made ski from the staves of sugar-casks, down to the modern men of Mürren, lineal descendants of Homer's heroes, who have inverted a proverb, making molehills of mountains.

The book is imbued with a shining enthusiasm, for, of course, ski-running is not merely a sport—it is a religion. It has its dogmas and its heresies, its ritualists and its puritans, its guardians of the Ark of the Covenant and (solemn thought) its dissenters, like the truculent but grimly attractive figure of Zdarsky, nursing his long pole in lonely Lilienfeld and fulminating—a Luther on ski—against the doctrine of Norwegian infallibility. In the heart of your true ski-runner burns the pure flame of emulation, the desire to conquer the slope, be it never so steep. His is the clear-eyed courage, not of reckless ignorance, but of danger known and manfully encountered; the courage that conquers fear and fatigue and comes at last, exulting, to mountain victory. "He remembers," says Lunn, "his thrill when the leader fell, his drunken happiness when he forged ahead of the pack, the bump which he just contrived to hold, while his ski shivered like leaves in the storm, the high-speed turn which just carried him through the gap, the neck-and-neck duel down the home slopes, and, above all, the moment, prized above all others, when he collapses breathless, exhausted, but triumphant and unspeakably happy, first man through the finishing posts." There is still a knighthood, a chivalry of the snows. That is the ski-runner's religion, and not a bad religion, either.

Let us, then, praise famous men. The author recalls the great names that have brought British ski-ing to an honourable place among the nations: Caulfield, Mackintosh, the Dobbs family, Joannides, D'Egville, and a host of others. With what may be termed characteristic Lunnishness, he is almost silent about one name that is legendary wherever the warriors fight their snow-battles over again. That name is his own.

A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF A JUMP TURN OFF A CORNICE

* "A History of Ski-ing," by Arnold Lunn. Oxford University Press: 16s.

IS GOLF YOUR FAVOURITE GAME?

SITUATED MIDWAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

ONE-AND-A-HALF MILES WEST OF CRAWLEY.

Photo] THE CARRY FROM THE TEE AT THE NINTH HOLE. *[Hawtree & Taylor*

IF SO, YOU HAVE PLAYED AT IFIELD, THE FINEST 18 HOLES OF GOLF IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND.

Situated in ideal countryside 'midst the charming rural surroundings of Sussex and Surrey, this Course was designed by the famous firm of Golf Architects, Messrs. Hawtree & J. H. Taylor, Ltd., with the view of appealing to the keen golfer.

The Course covers an area of about 110 acres, and measures 6,300 yards for the 18 holes. The natural undulations, belts of trees, ponds, etc., offer many interesting hazards.

The newly erected Club-house with its covered-in garage will offer every desired comfort.

The accessibility of this Course is a feature worthy of consideration. For those who travel by road, its situation, near Crawley on the London-Brighton road, makes it particularly attractive for those who combine motoring with the "Royal and Ancient" game.

For further particulars apply to:—

SECRETARY, IFIELD GOLF CLUB, IFIELD, SUSSEX. TELEPHONE: CRAWLEY 222.

OR:— 7, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. TELEPHONE: MAYFAIR 0368.

Perhaps with his new Spring overcoat more than anything else does a man feel a mild urge to adventure and escape from Winter drabness. He can, through the "New Tailoring," achieve something quite new, quite Spring-like without the least hazard—merely by safe experiment. For it is surprising how quickly a man, trying on finished coats in a "New Tailoring" Showroom, can find one that not only fits him faultlessly, but fits his mood, his taste and his pocket with the same surprising accuracy.

Spring Overcoats *in the new season's weaves and colourings. The model illustrated is a single-breasted raglan, with cuffless sleeves, an excellent coat for town or country.*

5 guineas to 7 guineas

AUSTIN REED'S of REGENT STREET

New Tailoring Floors: 107-113 Regent St. 24 Coventry St. (West) 13 Fenchurch St. (City)

SR 028 *And at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Preston* AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

SPEED TRIALS IN INDIA

Three of the cars that took part in the W.I.A.A Speed Trials at Bombay. The photograph shows Mr. F. D. Petit's 30-98 Vauxhall (left), which did the fastest time of the day, Mr. J. R. D. Tata's 8-cyl. Bugatti, winner of the Championship of Western India, and Mr. D. R. D. Wadia's 23-75 Chrysler Six, which did the fastest time of the day for touring cars

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

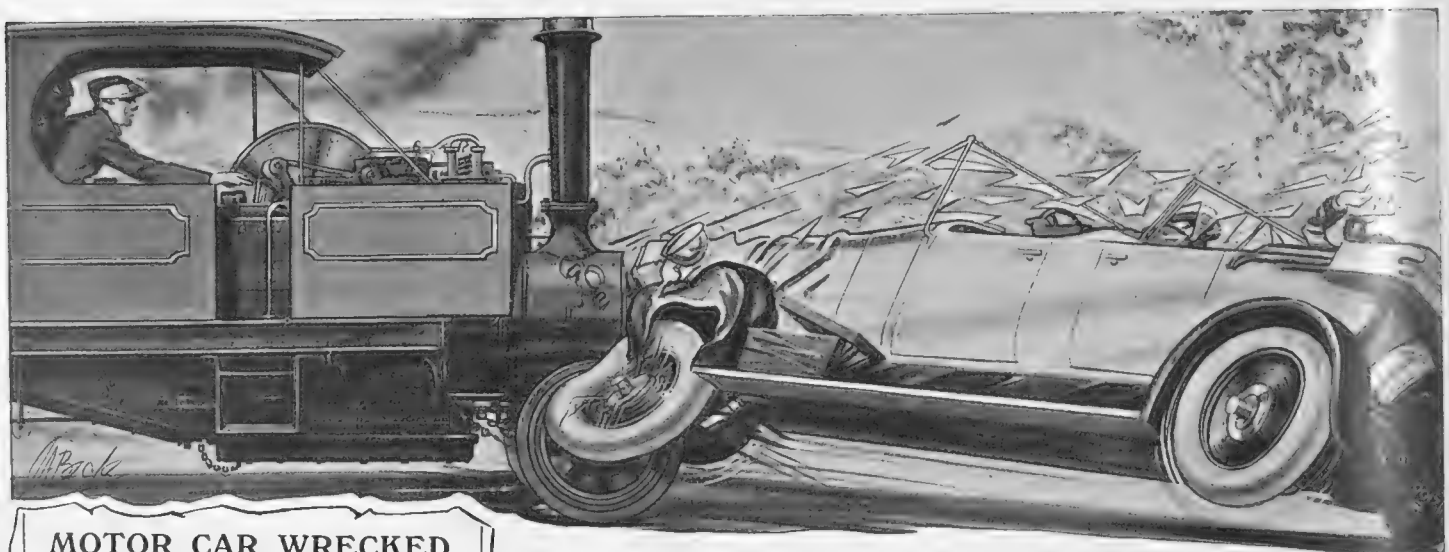
I CONFESS I did not know that one of the functions of the legal department of the R.A.C. is the recovery of damages from insurance companies on behalf of members who may have suffered personal injuries as the result of an accident. This appears to be one of the most useful and valuable departments of the club's activities. Obviously there are cases where it can be worth many times the total sum of one's subscriptions to the club for a whole lifetime. In one such case recently where a lady had lost the sight of an eye, the club was successful in obtaining a sum of £1,500. The total amount paid to members each year as the result of R.A.C. action in cases of this description runs into tens of thousands of pounds. The long experience of the R.A.C. legal department in dealing with such matters frequently enables it to obtain a much more favourable settlement than would have been possible in the case of a private individual, and, in the majority of cases, without incurring any legal expenses.

***

THE six-cylinder Morris car that was exhibited and introduced to the public at the last Olympia Motor Show was the subject of very favourable comment, and a large number of orders were received for it by its sponsors. While there is no doubt that the car in the form in which it was shown would have readily met the demands of a large circle of motorists, Morris Motors (1926), Ltd., have adhered to the wise policy of listening to the comments and suggestions of both their dealers and the public, and as a result have, since the Show, carried out many further improvements. The wheelbase has been increased to 9ft. 6in. and the track is now 4ft. 8in.—the full standard width. Battery and coil ignition now replaces the original magneto. The chassis as a whole sits lower and a very much larger and far roomier full five-seater saloon body is standardised at the price of £395. The Morris Six coupé, which has two occasional folding seats in addition to the adjustable seat for driver and passenger, lists at £385. The chassis price is £295. The revised model is now well advanced, and I understand that deliveries of the saloon will start during March and of the coupé model in April.

***

THERE are many thrilling stories behind the long preparation of Captain Malcolm Campbell's Napier-Campbell car which put up the new world's record of over 206 m.p.h. at Daytona last month, but none more remarkable than the story



MOTOR CAR WRECKED.

COLLISION WITH STEAM WAGON AT COLLATON.

A serious road smash occurred at Collaton on Saturday morning. A private car collided with a steam lorry, due to the former skidding when the brakes were applied.

The car was completely wrecked, the radiator being torn off, and the wings and lamps smashed, and the windscreen was shattered. The occupants, Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] sustained a very deep cut in the head and a grazed knee and a cut lip and shock respectively. They were taken to Paignton Hospital by Dr. [redacted] after he had attended them. Both were able to proceed home the same day.

For over an hour traffic on the Totnes-Paignton road had to be diverted.

Extract from "The Western Morning News," 15th August, 1927.

ARE YOU TAKING THIS RISK?

ANY vehicle glazed with ordinary glass is a potential death trap, for at the least shock or blow such glass will fly into numerous jagged splinters. *Triplex* Safety Glass eliminates all danger from this, the source of the majority of personal injuries in an accident. *Be warned in time.*

Normal orders for Triplex can now be despatched within ten days and delivered free throughout the United Kingdom.

DON'T BE PUT OFF—

Fit "TripleX" and be Safe

REG'D

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.: also The Triplex Safety Glass Co. of North America, Inc., Hoboken Terminal, Hoboken, N.J

Fight your Car fires like this!

AS soon as fire breaks out on your car bring your Pyrene Fire Extinguisher into instant action and it will put out the blazing petrol before the damage is done. Anybody can use the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher. It works like a pump with any side up and at any angle; projects a continuous jet and does not have to depend on maintained pressure.

BUY FROM YOUR GARAGE. ***Ask for Folder Car Fires MA/F.***

IMPROVED Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Standard Model filled and complete: Polished Brass 55/-. Nickel or Black plated, 60/-. **New Junior Model** for light cars. Nickel plated finish only, filled and complete, 35/-.

Protect your car with

Pyrene **BUMPERS**

Ask for Folder MA/B.

"The Bumper with the leaf-spring buffer."

Gives ample protection for radiator, wings, headlamps, and dumb irons and minimises the danger of accidents in traffic, parking places, etc. Fender Guards to match for use at rear of car.

Prices from £3 : 10 : 0 each.

THE PYRENE COMPANY LTD., 9, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

Vickery's very popular Bag with short Umbrella for MOTORING and TRAVELLING

M1054. Dark Blue, Brown or Black Polished Leather Bag, with gussetted centre and two side pockets, fitted with very useful short Umbrella. Most useful when motoring, travelling or shopping.

Size 15"×12" **£6 6s. 0d.**

With **Ivory** mounted Umbrella **£7 11s. 6d.**

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BARRIE OLIVER

"LONDON'S BOY FRIEND"—the lad with a style of his own in Hot Songs and Dances. The Filleted Soul: the leading Baltimore Dancer: partnered by Miss Betty Bolton.

THERE IS DANCING in the magnificent new Louis XVI Restaurant to perfect music by *Hal Swain and his Band* . . . syncopation by the Grand Organ played by Mr. *Oliphant Chuckerbutty*, B.Mus., F.R.C.O. (this will amaze you) . . . *Monsieur Henri Leoni*, the celebrated tenor, in song. *THESE ATTRACTIONS ARE HERE EVERY NIGHT.*

Luncheon and Dinner are served without music. *Diner Dansant* from 9 o'clock till two . . . and remember Wednesday is a Gala Night.

SUNDAYS are never dull at the Cafe Royal. Oliphant Chuckerbutty at the incomparable Organ; Hal Swain; and Mons. Leoni in songs he has made his own.

No Restaurant in London can offer such variety and such attractions. Cafe Royal cooking is renowned throughout the world. The wine is from the finest cellars in the land.

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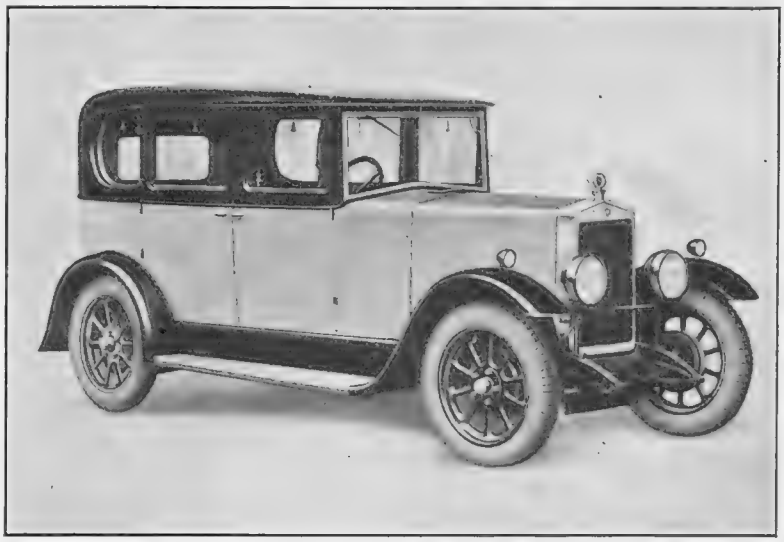
of how the Dunlop tyres were evolved and tested. Just as a slab of iron may be made red-hot with continual hammering, so with racing tyres. At Malcolm Campbell's maximum speed of 220 miles an hour his tyres become compressed and released between their rims and the road thirty-four times every second. The main problem was, therefore, to see that in doing so their rubber tread did not get so hot that it could no longer stick to its cotton foundation. By research work on all materials and processes, and after a long series of experiments, the makers did at last produce tyres which, given freedom from sea-shell cuts and such like accidents, they believed would do the job; and, incidentally, their experiments yielded a mass of new knowledge which will be of immense value in general work. The new tyres were tried on a specially built high-speed testing machine set up for safety in an armour-plated test-house at Fort Dunlop. On this machine Captain Malcolm Campbell's tyres revolved on a perfectly balanced flywheel which could be raised by a motor-driven beam to give any desired lead.

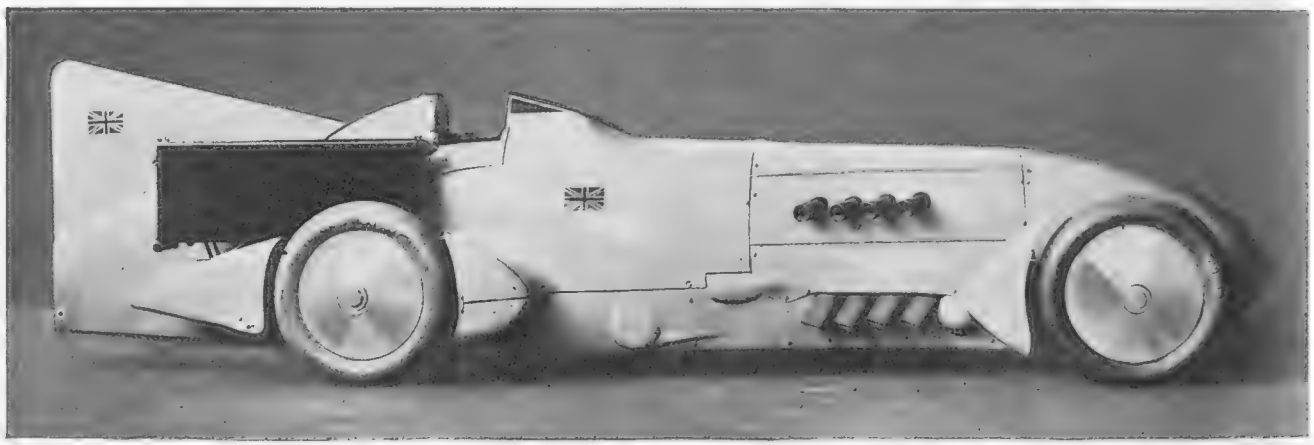


AN IMPROVED MODEL

The Standard Morris Six 5-seater Saloon. Improvements to this fine car since Olympia have made it almost a new model

It is a long time since I sat at the wheel of anything so delightfully light and easy to drive as the 16 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam. All the controls are light as a feather, yet none of them too light. The brakes require the minimum of effort, yet the system is purely mechanical and the braking effect as good as anything I have tried with servo. But above all the delights of this remarkable car is the driving position. The length and rake of the seat and the squab and the position of the wheel when the seat is properly adjusted are absolutely right. Every control is nicely to hand or to foot. The visibility, thanks to the single-pane windscreen, is all that could be desired. So the chief impression one carries away from a trial of this car is that of lightness. It is like driving a bunch of feathers. Even the engine could not be goaded into making itself felt. Not only is the engine perfectly balanced, but it is well insulated from the chassis, so that, in the seats at any rate, there is not a trace of vibration to be felt. The car I tried was the touring model at £550. The best of all-weather equipment is liable to rattle in a howling gale and rain such as we encountered on this trial, so that this type of body was not an ideal companion for such a chassis. I did not care for the springing, but found, on returning the car and having the tyres tested, that they were at nearly twice the correct pressure. Some petrol reserve system or warning device ought to be fitted. Otherwise it is difficult to find fault with the car. It is a model that is a fine example of value for money.

E. M. Wright.



By Appointment

For his record-breaking Napier, Captain Malcolm Campbell chose Barker Body—built with all the skill and experience that the Barker name implies.

By Appointment

BARKER & CO (COACHBUILDERS) LTD

Coachbuilders by Appointment to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

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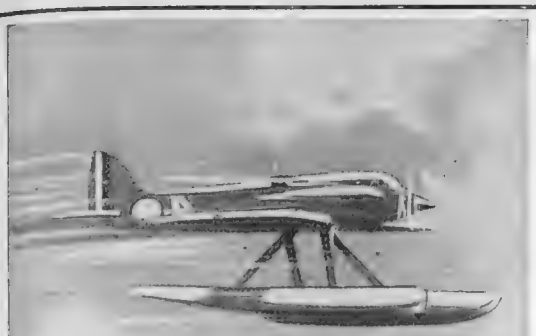
Rolls-Royce Retailers and Body Specialists

BARKER COACHWORK



World Speed Records
with
NAPIER
AERO ENGINES

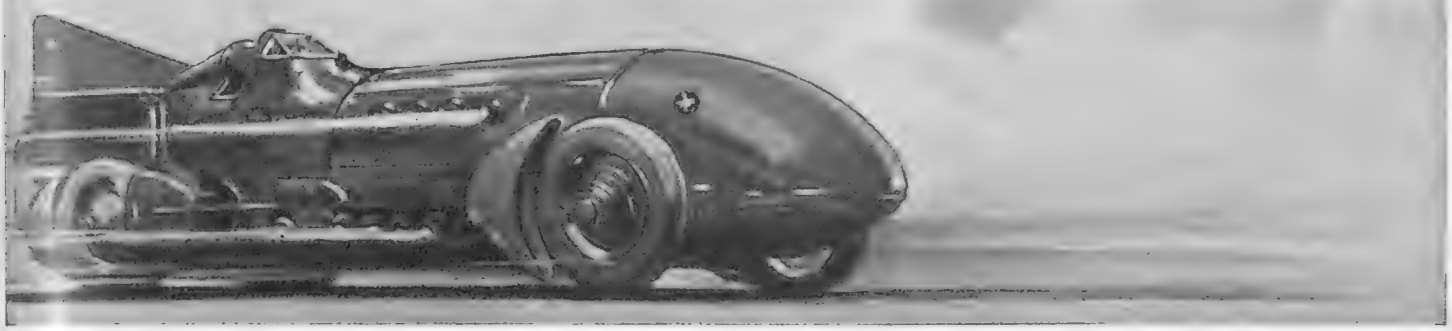
Fastest in Air ~ *Fastest on Land*

Capt. Malcolm Campbell cables as follows, dated 19 Feb., 1928:
"Obtained World's Record to-day, average speed 206.9 m.p.h. Mile in one direction over 214. Conditions bad. Napier engine behaved marvellously."
Capt. Campbell thus wins the £1000 Trophy presented by Sir Charles Wakefield.

The Schneider Trophy was won for Great Britain with the same type Napier engine.

The World's Air Speed Record over 100 kms. is held by the Supermarine-Napier Seaplane, speed 283.313 m.p.h.

D. NAPIER & SON, LTD.
Acton, London, W.3
Land Record subject to confirmation by official bodies.



GARDENS IN SPRING

This Spring, when you have set your house in order look to your garden.

Let Gazes make or reconstruct it now—and it will be ready and worthy to hold all the glories of Summer.

The gardens at the Gazeway are full of inspiration. You are cordially invited to visit them, or to write for Gazes illustrated booklet.

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THE GAZEWAY,
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C.A.V.

THERE IS PROOF IN PERFORMANCE

Testimony No. 2.

This letter, published by "The Motor," in connection with their article "The Life of a Battery" provides yet a further proof of the excellence of C.A.V. Batteries in service.

Mr. Sharp is one of many thousands of satisfied users who have wisely selected a C.A.V.

Are you satisfied with your battery? If not, write us to-day stating the model, year and horse-power of your car; we will quote for an exact C.A.V. replacement, and tell you the nearest Service Agent who will supply and service it.

Application should be made to Department D.2.

C.A.Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
ACTON, LONDON, W.3

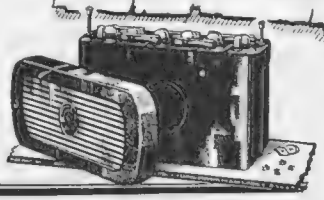
'Phone: Chiswick 3811. (Private Branch Exchange).
'Grams: "Vanderm, Act, London."

Extract from "THE MOTOR" 10th Jan., 1928.

THE LIFE OF A BATTERY

The battery on my car has been in use since 1919 (eight years) and is still in fine order, both for lighting and starting. The acid has been changed once only, but the strength of the acid has been carefully checked from time to time (when fully charged) to 1250. The battery is a six-volt 80 act. amp. C.A.V.-Y.I.S. model. Is this a record?

Kettering. J. W SHARP



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The 21 H.P. 6-Cyl. Enclosed Drive Limousine.

Catalogues on demand.
Dunlop Tyres standard.

A MEDIUM powered Car of magnificent proportions designed to accommodate six persons in a degree of comfort rarely met with in a motor car. Its smooth silent motion and simplicity of control is a constant delight and provides eloquent testimony to its truly remarkable performance.

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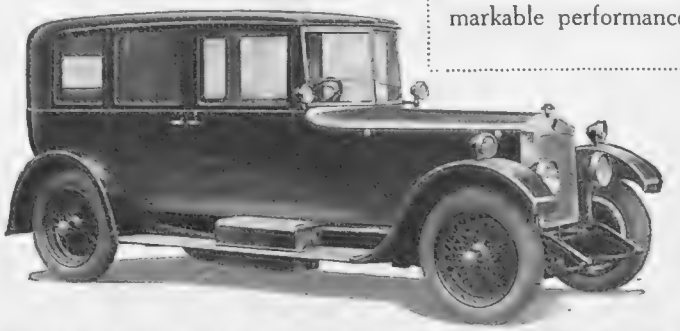

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FRIDAY 20 APRIL
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to MEDITERRANEAN, Constantinople, etc. 24 *days*

WEDNESDAY 16 MAY
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to ATLANTIC IS., MOROCCO, etc. 14 *days*

FRIDAY 1 JUNE
Special cruise to Mediterranean, Spain and Portugal by M.V. "Alcantara." 15 *days*

FRIDAY 1 JUNE
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

WEDNESDAY 13 JUNE
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to Norwegian Fjords, North Cape, Midnight Sun. 21 *days*

FRIDAY 15 JUNE
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

FRIDAY 22 JUNE
Special cruise to Spain, Madeira and Canary Islands, etc., by M.V. "Asturias." 15 *days*

FRIDAY 29 JUNE
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

THURSDAY 5 JULY
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to the Norwegian Fjords, North Cape and Spitzbergen. 21 *days*

FRIDAY 13 JULY
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

FRIDAY 27 JULY
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to NORWAY, DENMARK and GERMANY. 14 *days*

FRIDAY 27 JULY
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

FRIDAY 3 AUGUST
Special cruise by R.M.S.P. "Avon" ROUND IRELAND. 15 *days*

FRIDAY 10 AUGUST
Popular holiday cruise by R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to Norwegian Fjords. 12 *days*

SATURDAY 11 AUGUST
R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to the NORTHERN CAPITALS OF EUROPE. 21 *days*

SATURDAY 18 AUGUST
Special cruise by R.M.S.P. "Avon" ROUND SCOTLAND. 14 *days*

SATURDAY 1 SEPTEMBER
By R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to DALMATIAN COAST, VENICE, etc. 21 *days*

SATURDAY 8 SEPTEMBER
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to DALMATIAN COAST, VENICE, etc. 21 *days*

FRIDAY 28 SEPTEMBER
By R.M.S.P. "Araguaya" to the Mediterranean and the *Seville Exhibition*. 24 *days*

FRIDAY 5 OCTOBER
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to the Mediterranean, Athens, Constantinople. 24 *days*

SATURDAY 1 DECEMBER
By R.M.S.P. "Arcadian" to the MEDITERRANEAN, etc. 18 *days*

For further particulars, fares, etc., apply to :

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America House, Cockspur St., S.W.1 Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Southampton, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, or Local Representatives.

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Service Advertising. C.S. 52

One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

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2 oz. - 8d.
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THE BELGRAVE EASY CHAIR is made in Maple's own factories by British Labour. Covered in hide of the best quality and well sprung, top stuffing hair, and feather down cushion in velveteen - £10 . 10 . 0

TWO-SEAT SETTEE to match - £20 . 10 . 0

ALL GOODS ARE DELIVERED FREE BY MOTOR TO CUSTOMERS' RESIDENCES IN 36 COUNTIES
TERMS OF DEFERRED PAYMENT BEST OBTAINABLE

MAPLE & CO Ltd

The Largest Furnishing Establishment in the World

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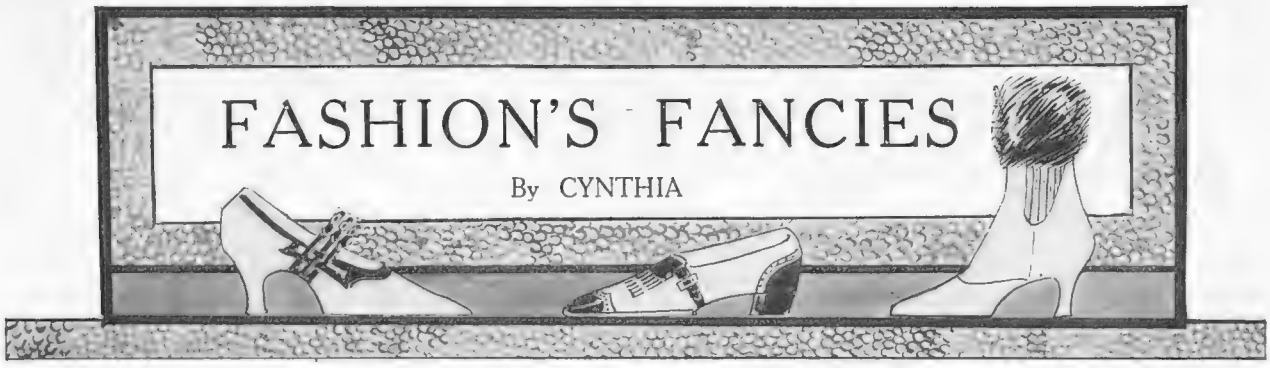
FASHION'S FANCIES

By CYNTHIA



At Babers, 309, Oxford Street, the home of scientific shoe fitting, balance and proportion are studied in the case of each individual customer, and foot health is combined with smartness

The New Line

THE coming Spring does not usher in any drastic change in the silhouette, but in divers ways certain differences distinguish this Season's models from those of last. The newest models sponsored by the *grandes maisons* of Paris, for instance, display a distinct tendency towards a higher waistline, the whole trend of trimming inclining to the upward sweep. The waist, too, is far more marked than it has been for some time past. The bodices of the latest evening and afternoon gowns often blouse slightly at the waist; or tunics, still favourites of La Mode, are cut balloon fashion, giving the effect of panniers. Models that hang straight from the shoulders to the hem are comparatively rare. Many evening frocks have sashes; coat-frocks and jumper-suits are almost all belted; and *tailleurs* with belted coats are "in" again. Every form of drapery is fashionable. Indeed, femininity and grace are the order of the day (and night!), and the dress world is altogether more interesting than it has been for some time past.

Building on a Sure Foundation

SO, very naturally, correct corsetry is assuming important proportions in the Spring scheme of the well-dressed woman, for building on the wrong foundation can never be successful; and even more interest than usual was attached to the parade of Gossard foundation garments which recently took place at 168, Regent Street. The boyish figure, the average figure, the full figure! Gossard corsetry, stocked in the corset departments of all the best houses, takes account not of one of these but of them all, moulding them by scientific methods to to-day's fashionable silhouette. There are Gossard corsets that are suitable for dancing; others that are specially designed with a view to the more strenuous forms of sport; others, again, that take account of the woman who requires more than ordinary support. They are carried out in every imaginable style and fabric, and cover such a wide range of prices that the purchaser, whatever her type of figure, who chooses a Gossard model is assured of individual corsetry.

Made in England!

THE opening of the new premises of Messrs. Bernheimer, Gut and Co., Ltd., manufacturers of ladies' outer and underwear in artificial silk and wool, at Somers Place, Brixton Hill, was one of the dress events of the Autumn. For this old-established Swiss firm, with a vast experience of the dyeing, designing, and finishing of artificial silk, employ British labour, and find it possible, their perfectly equipped factory being complete in itself, to produce models at far smaller cost than if the industry was dependent upon outside aid at any point in their manufacture. In style these, stocked by all the best ladies' outfitters, speak the last word from Paris, carried out in both artificial silk and wool fabrics of excellent texture, colour, and design, all underwear being branded with the trade mark, "Cortesca." See above a jumper-suit made in fine botany wool in the various Spring shades, the top displaying a smart two-toned effect, and in the centre of the page the latest in pyjamas. This latter model is carried out in Grade A quality artificial silk yarn, a material that is fadeless and guaranteed not to ladder, in a variety of colourings with contrasting neck, armholes, and border. Cortesca artificial silk velour, a fabric that has the appearance of *panne* velvet, is used for the dressing-wrapper, of which an original feature is the oil-lined sponge pocket.

The latest in jumper suits, carried out in fine botany wool. Produced in the factory of Messrs. Bernheimer, Gut and Co., Ltd., Brixton, S.W.

Also from Messrs Bernheimer, Gut and Co's factory. The last word in pyjamas, expressed in Grade A quality artificial silk yarn

Sketches by Margot

This lovely boudoir gown, from Arev, 1, Sloane St., S.W., is carried out in flame and gold brocade and bordered with gold tissue, whilst the wide sleeves are cuffed with Kolinsky fur

The Importance of Being Well Shod

FOOTWEAR that fits to perfection—free at the toes, close at the heel, hugging the arch of the foot and at the same time designed in accordance with Fashion's latest decrees, combining practicability with the utmost *chic*—that is the case with the models sponsored by Babers, 309, Oxford Street, W. See on the left at the top of the preceding page the latest in three-strap shoes. This model, shown in bulrush-brown *glacé*, with patent trimming, is obtainable in various other attractive combinations, and this also applies to the sports shoe in the centre, shown in grey *suède* calf, with apple-green calf trimming. And on the right is "La Petite Russe," to be obtained either in bulrush-brown *suède* calf or black patent, with fur to tone, that not only provides adequate protection for the ankles in cold, wet weather, but is also the last word in smartness.

The Spring Tailleur

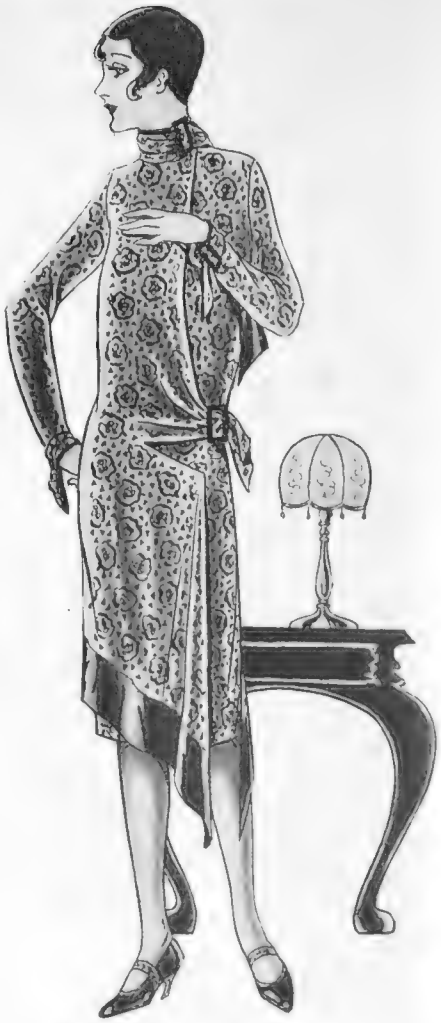
HOLMES, of 16, Maddox Street, W., who specialises, from 7½ guineas, in the most immaculate of tailor-mades, perfectly cut and finished, and fitting like the proverbial glove, and also in riding kit for at home and abroad, most certainly "gives the lie" to the old-fashioned idea that good tailoring is prohibitive in price. The suit shown here, designed in the latest style, with its clean lines and smart, debonair effect, is expressed in black hopsack, for black is being much used for costumes this Spring. There is always a large range of the latest designs and fabrics to be seen at 16, Maddox Street, patterns of which, together with self-measurement forms, Holmes is always pleased to send to country readers by post.

Brides-to-be, Please Take Note!

"GETTING married" needn't be the expensive business it sometimes seems to those who have to "pay the piper" for the *trousseau*, if the bride-to-be places herself in the capable, artistic hands of Arev, 1, Sloane Street, S.W., who is most certainly on the side of the "New Poor," for she provides a varied choice of all the newest styles, from tailor-mades to boudoir gowns (see the model sketched), and makes from 12½ guineas, or from 6 guineas if her clients prefer to provide their own material.

An example, in black hopsack, of the perfect tailoring and up-to-date style that can always be associated with Holmes, 16, Maddox St., W., at prices that can only be described as remarkable

Sketches by D. Pulham



"San-Toy" fabrics (stocked by all drapers), with their artistic, delicate printed effects, lend themselves quite admirably to the soft drapery that Fashion sponsors this Spring

The Vogue for Printed Fabrics

THE latest Paris collections have certainly established the fact that printed fabrics will be extremely fashionable during the coming Season in the softly blended colourings and discreet, artistic designs that are associated with the "San-Toy" range. All the leading drapers provide a large choice in this perfectly woven material, marvellously soft in finish and quite ideal for the graceful draping that the Spring models display. Any difficulty in obtaining "San-Toy" fabrics can be overcome by writing to the manufacturers, Courtaulds, Ltd., Dept. S17, 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

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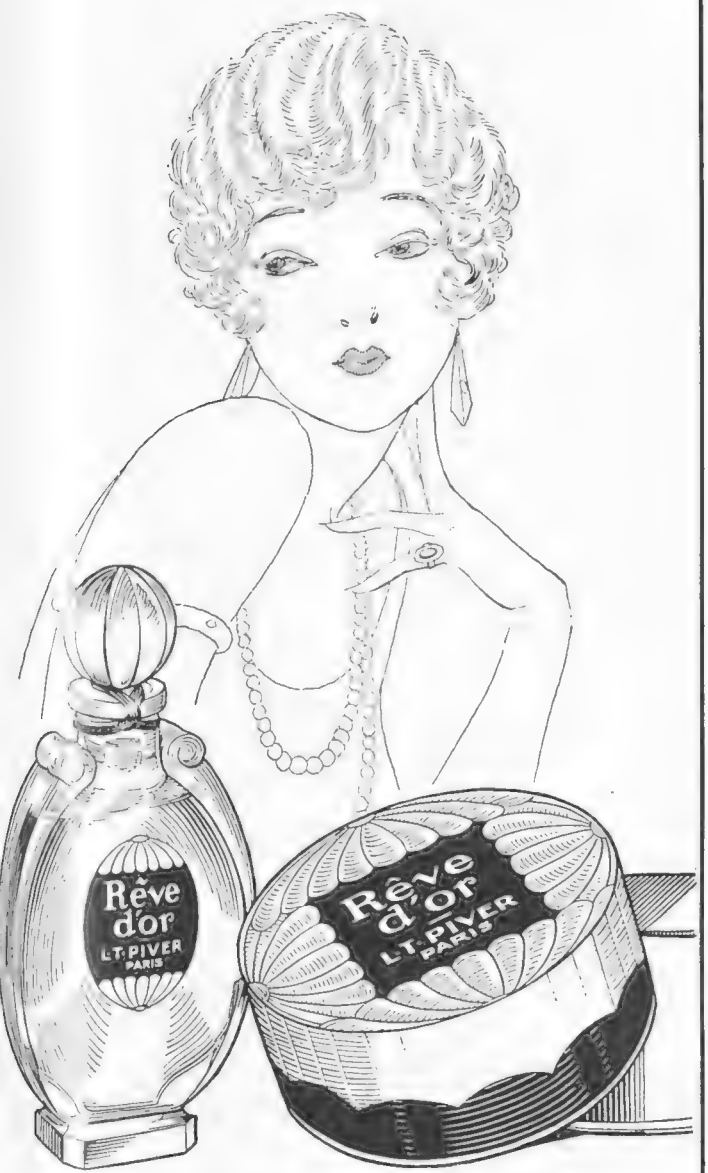

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REMOVES HAIR LIKE MAGIC

The Season's New Hairdressing Styles

The question of coiffure styles, always important, is particularly so at the moment, in view of the reaction in favour of a more feminine type of hairdressing, following, of course, on the trend of Fashion in dress. The latest version, carried out by Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., is shown on this page. Note the soft, becoming lines and the tendency to curl, which attractive effect can, of course, only be achieved when the hair has first been expertly waved, either by the Permanent or Marcel process. And this charming dressing is only one of the many that Emile can achieve for his customers, both with their own hair and with regard to his world-famous transformations, entirely undetectable under the closest scrutiny and of a feather-weight lightness. At 24, Conduit Street, too, are to be found all that is new and smart in the way of coiffure accessories. Delightful little screws of tortoiseshell, set with paste, for keeping the side pieces of the hair flat—"grip pins" in every imaginable shape, for maintaining the correct lines of the shingle; head-dresses and hair ornaments for evening wear in all the latest designs, hand-made shingle caps, to say nothing of compact powder and lipstick in lovely containers, matching scent sprays and powder bowls, pocket atomisers for the handbag, and much else that concerns the enhancement of the smart woman's toilette.

A Wonderful Discovery

Visitors to the Business Efficiency Exhibition witnessed for the first time the wonderful Dictaphone Telechord, which ushers in a new era in the automatic recording of the voice on the telephone. This unique device records the conversation spoken from both ends of the telephone for permanent reference. The conversation by both speakers is recorded word for word and an accurate typewritten transcription is immediately obtainable. The Dictaphone Telechord should be invaluable to newspaper offices, sales conferences, bankers, stock exchanges, solicitors, and everyone wishing to make a complete record of telephone messages without the necessity of resorting to shorthand notes. At board meetings it records speeches verbatim, and thus supplies a record of important statements and decisions which in the ordinary way it is very difficult to obtain.

A FASHIONABLE TRANSFORMATION

A most attractive version of the latest in coiffures carried out by Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., that strikes a becoming feminine note in accordance with Fashion's most recent decrees

A Sussex Golf Course

Since its opening last year Ifield Golf Club has proved itself to be a particularly well-run club, with an unusually well-laid-out course. It lies halfway between London and Brighton, and has been arranged to attract visitors from both Town and coast. The clubhouse is extremely comfortable and well appointed, special consideration having been given to accommodation and comfort for ladies, and there is a dormy-house, with five or six bedrooms available for visitors. Messrs. Fred Hawtree and J. H. Taylor are responsible for the layout and construction of the course, which combines a first-class test of golf with extremely pleasant surroundings. The entrance fees and subscriptions are very modest indeed in view of the excellence of the sport and accommodation which are provided.

1457 "Holes in One"

That's a pretty big number of anything, and when it represents the number of bottles of "Johnnie Walker" actually awarded in one year to golfers who have within that period "holed out in one" it's colossal. But such is the fact. It is only about eighteen months since Messrs. John Walker & Sons, Ltd., the well-known Scotch whisky distillers, first announced their offer of a free gift of a bottle of their famous whisky to any performer of this golfing feat; it has to be duly attested, of course.

CANNES this year more than ever can offer a variety of pleasures to its holidaymakers: Racing, Polo, Golf, Yachting, Tennis, Bathing, Aquaplaning in the day-time. In the evening the most fashionable dance-tea is held at the Gondola, a dancing aperitif from 6 to 8 in the Kit-Cat Cabaret. Dinners that attract gourmets from all over the Riviera at the Plats Nouveaux' Restaurant. Some of the finest shows outside Paris are given nightly at the Sporting Club's Theatre, one of the most comfortable in France, and after the show, down a flight of stairs you find the cutest, jolliest little cabaret in existence, the Kit-Cat. What more can a holidaymaker want?

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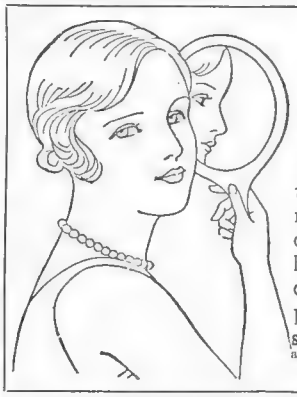

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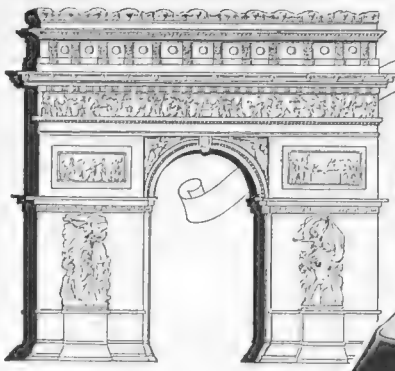

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B	June 1	To LISBON, TANGIER, PALMA (Majorca), NAPLES, PALERMO (Sicily), CAGLIARI (Sardinia), ALGIERS, MALAGA and VIGO.	17	*43 GNS.
C	June 19	To LISBON, TANGIER, BARCELONA, MONACO, AJACCIO (Corsica), CAGLIARI (Sardinia), PALMA (Majorca) and GIBRALTAR.	17	27 GNS.
D	July 7	LONDON and LEITH to the NORWEGIAN FJORDS, including MOLDE, AANDALSNES, OIE, HELLESYLT, MEROK, OLDEN, LOEN, BALHOLM, MUNDAL, LAERDAL and BERGEN.	13	20 GNS.
E	July 21	LONDON and LEITH to the FJORDS, including ULVIK, MOLDE, AANDALSNES, OIE, HELLESYLT, MEROK, OLDEN, LOEN, BALHOLM, LAERDAL and BERGEN	13	20 GNS.
F	Aug. 4	To NORHEIMSUND, TYSSE, BERGEN, OSLO, COPENHAGEN, BORNHOLM, HELSINGFORS, STOCKHOLM, VISBY (weather permitting; if not, Gothenburg) and ROTTERDAM.	19	30 GNS.
G	Aug. 24	To LISBON, GIBRALTAR, BARCELONA, PALMA (Majorca), ALGIERS and VIGO.	14	22 GNS
H	Sept. 8	To ALGIERS, CAGLIARI (Sardinia), NAPLES, MESSINA (for Taormina), DUBROVNIK (Ragusa) CURZOLA, SPLIT (Spalato), TROGIR (Trau), ZARA, VENICE, CORFU, MALTA, TANGIER and VIGO.	27	45 GNS.

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The MENU

SOME FISH DISHES

RED MULLET EN CASSEROLE.
FILLETS OF TURBOT WITH WINE SAUCE.
TURBOT AU PARMESAN.
SOUSED HERRINGS.

Red Mullet en Casserole

PLACE the fish (small ones are best) in a marinade for two hours before cooking, then wipe them and cook them gently in butter for ten minutes. Put a pint of thick brown sauce into a stewpan with a finely minced onion, a large teaspoonful of Anchovy Sauce, a wineglassful of sherry, and a pinch of cayenne pepper; let it simmer for twelve minutes, then add a few drops of carmine, and strain it into a casserole; add a teaspoonful of mixed tarragon and chervil, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Place the mullet in the sauce, cover the casserole, and put it into a moderately hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Fillets of Turbot with Wine Sauce

Cut small fillets of turbot, and put them in a buttered *sauté*-pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine and about a tablespoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, also two small onions and a little mace. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour. Make a white sauce with 1 oz. of butter, ¾ oz. of flour, moisten with a little boiled milk and the liquor from the fillets, stir until it boils, and let simmer for ten minutes. Season and strain the sauce, have ready some tomatoes cut in slices, which have been cooked in butter, put these on the fillets, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Turbot au Parmesan

Flake the remains of some cooked turbot, and make a thick white sauce; butter a fireproof dish and rub it well with a raw onion. Arrange on it a layer of fish, then pour over it some of the sauce, and add a good sprinkling of grated cheese. Take another layer of fish, then sauce, and strew over the whole about three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and cheese in equal quantities. Put the dish in a brisk oven for a quarter of an hour, and serve as soon as the surface is a light golden colour.

Soused Herrings

Lay the fish in an earthenware baking-dish, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, a pinch of allspice, a bay leaf, and a very small onion. Cover them with vinegar and water (one part water to three parts vinegar), and bake in a slow oven for two hours. Serve cold.

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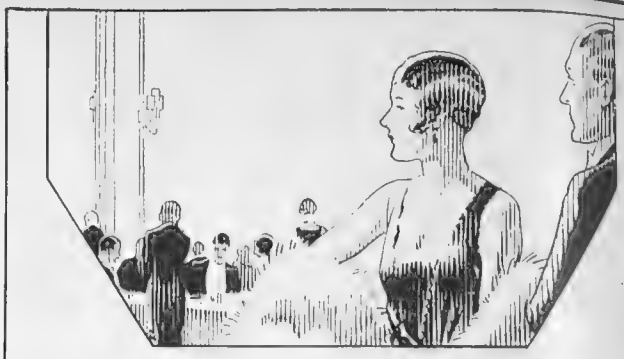

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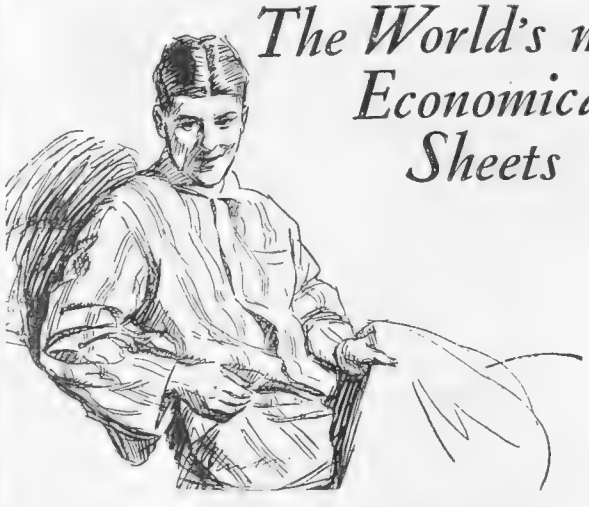

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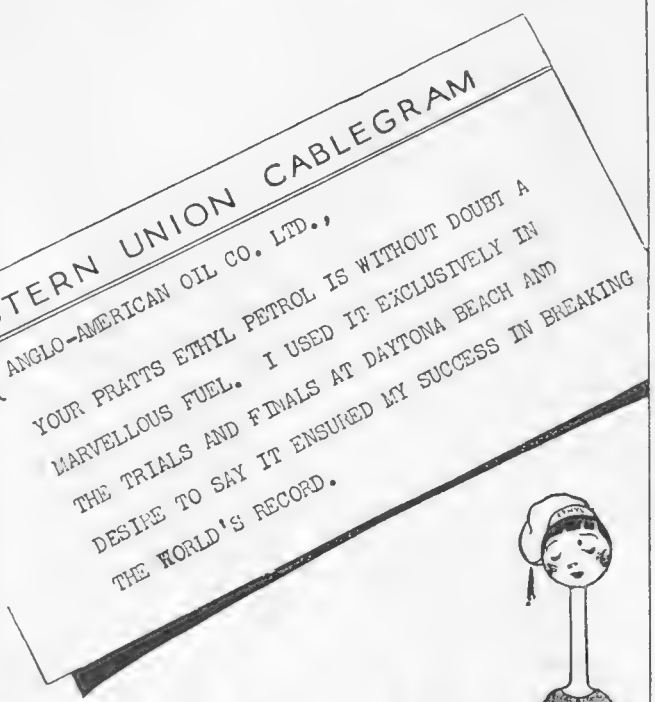

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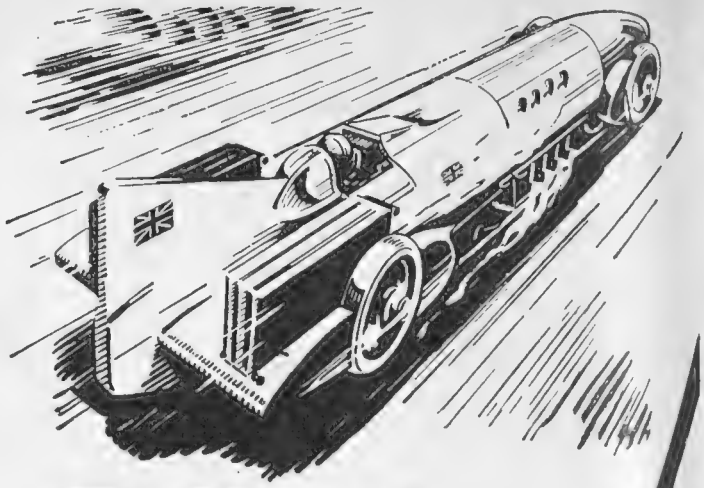

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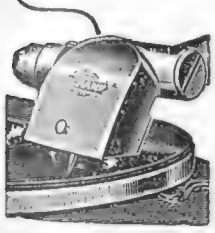

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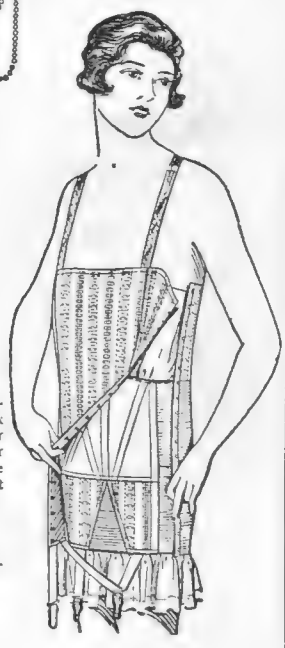

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